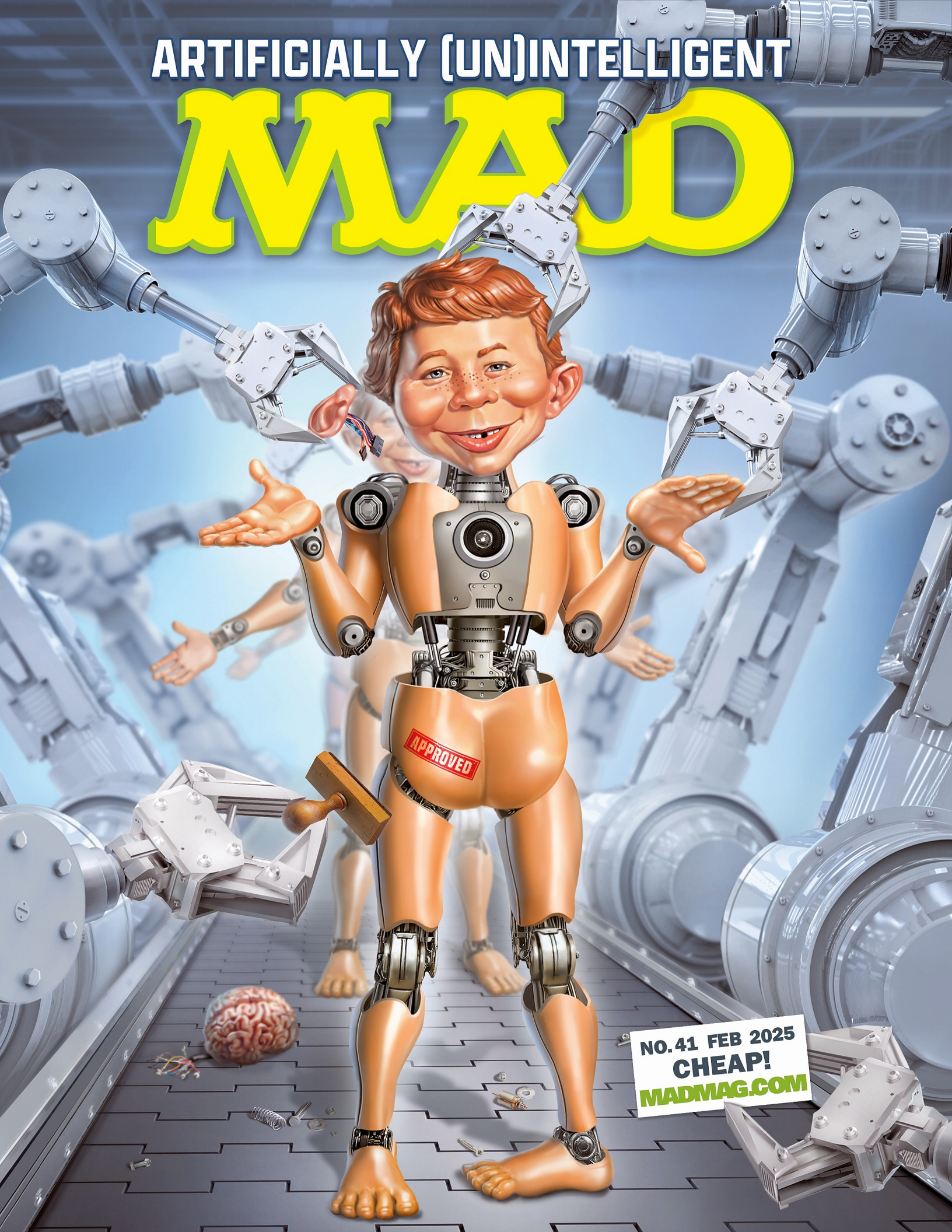
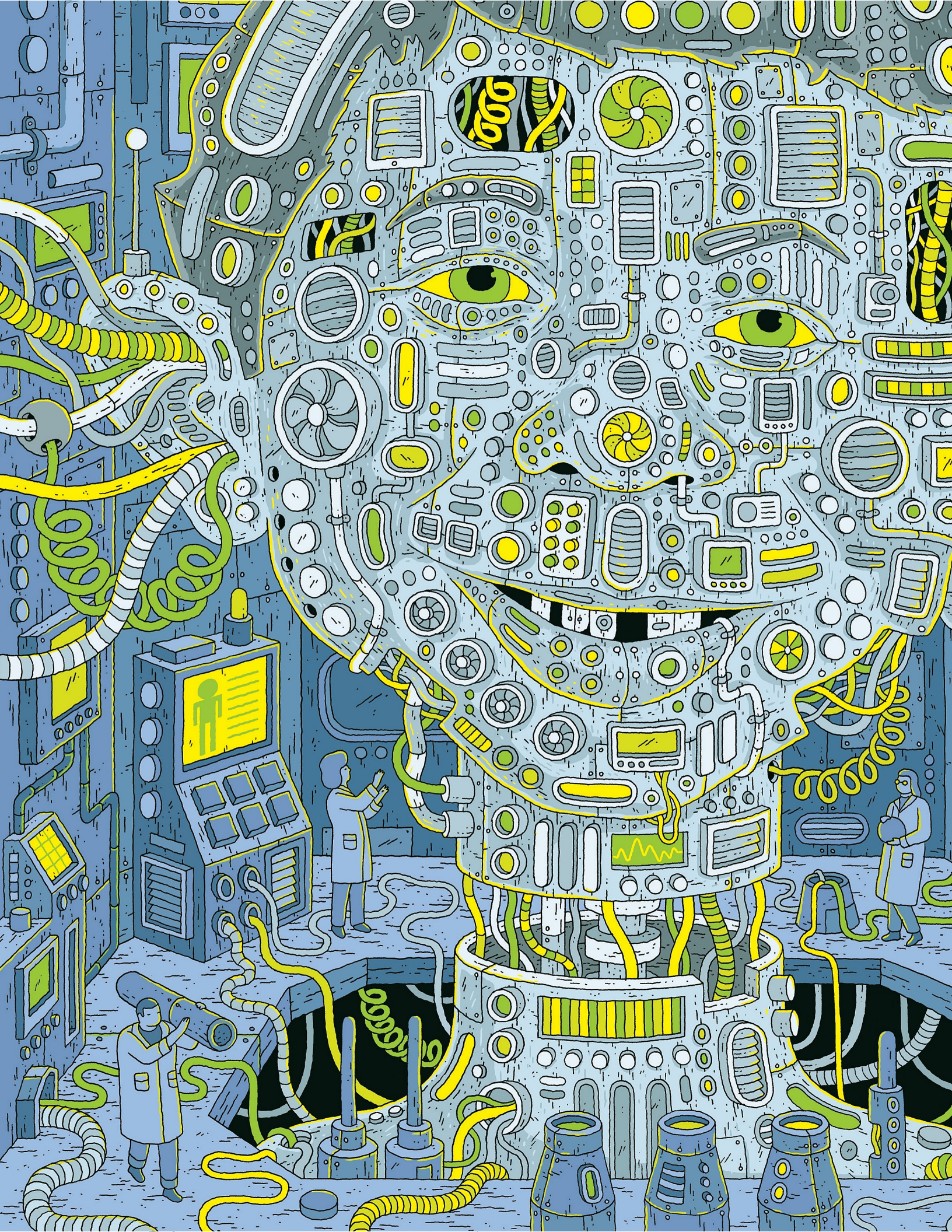


# ARTIFICIALLY (UN)INTELLIGENT **MAD**



NO. 41 FEB 2025  
**CHEAP!**  
**MADMAG.COM**







# MAD

NO. 41

FEBRUARY 2025

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**SUZY HUTCHINSON** ART DIRECTOR

**BERN MENDOZA** ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR

- 02** A MAD Look at Automation
- 03** If Computers Are So Brilliant, MAD #258, Oct 1985
- 08** The Future of Job Automation, MAD #550, Apr 2018
- 10** Spy Vs. Spy
- 12** Meanwhile... 
- 13** Truly Logical Transformers, MAD #257, Sep 1985
- 16** Everyday Pet Peeves of Transformers, MAD #480, Aug 2007
- 17** A Guided Tour Through a Steel Foundry, MAD #62, Apr 1961
- 19** The MAD Artificial Intelligence Hate Book
- 22** A.I.: Absolute Idiocy (A MAD Movie Parody), MAD #410, Oct 2001
- 26** The MAD Computer Primer, MAD #258, Oct 1985
- 28** What Lies Behind the Matching-Jammies Holiday Portrait!
- 30** Where Not to Go on Your Winter Break Vacation, MAD Kids #14, Mar 2009
- 32** Scenes We'd Like to See - The Abominable Snowman, MAD #70, Apr 1962
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- 39** Pretty Slick Dept. Your Guide to Robot-Safe Lubricants
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- 42** Other "Diseases" of the Machine World, MAD #309, Mar 1992
- 46** If Wishes Were Horses
- 48** Roboslop (A MAD Movie Parody), MAD #277, Mar 1988
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- 55** Meanwhile...
- 56** A Few More Bytes, MAD #491, Jul 2008, MAD #550, Apr 2018

**CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS** The Usual Gang of Idiots

**EDITORIAL CONSULTANT** Paula Sevenbergen

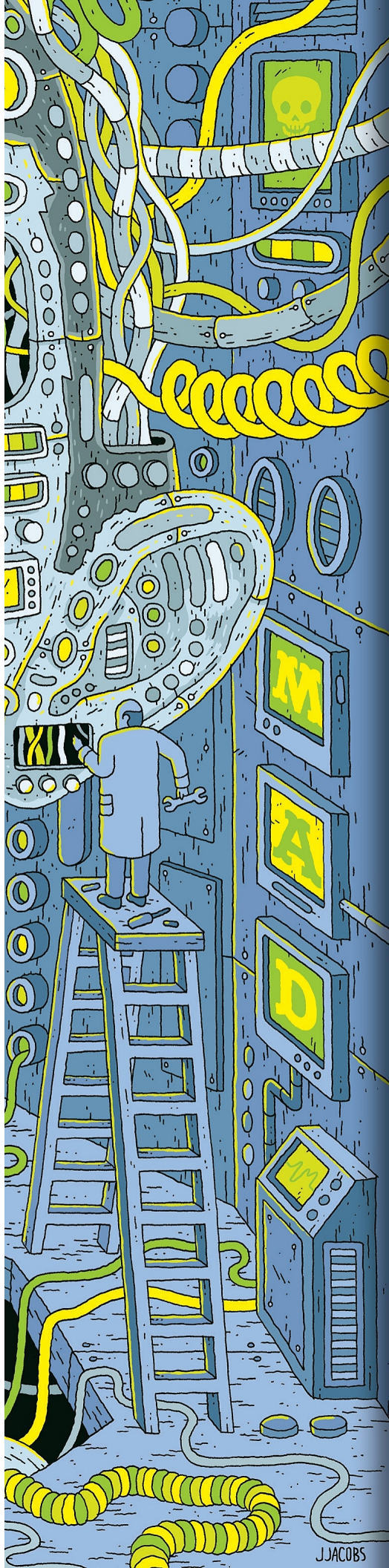
**INSIDE BACK COVER** A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson

**VARIOUS PLACES** Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés

**COVER ARTIST** Mark Fredrickson

The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #543, FEB 2017  
ARTIST **JESSE JACOBS**



JJACOBS

COVER

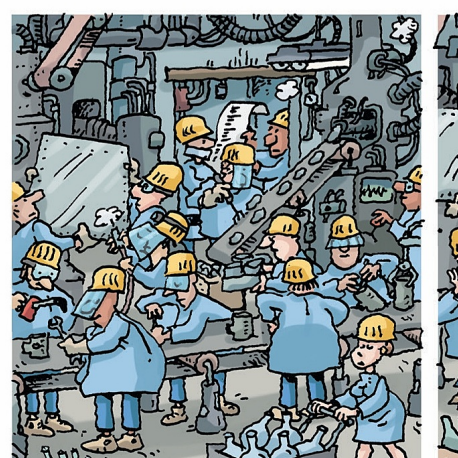
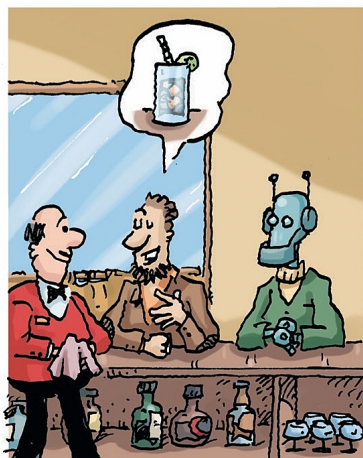
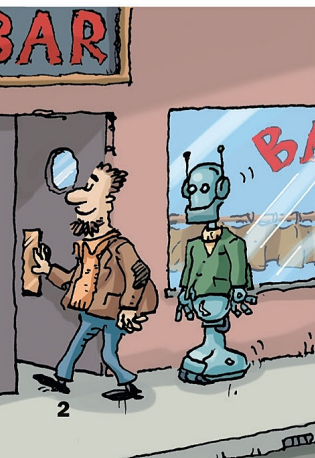
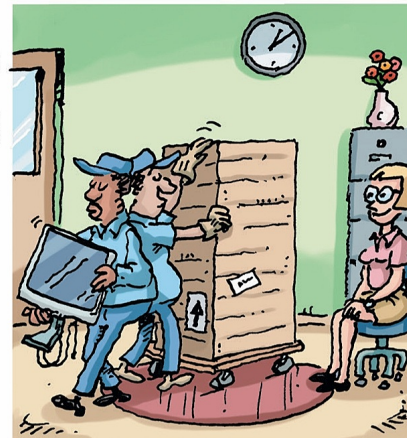




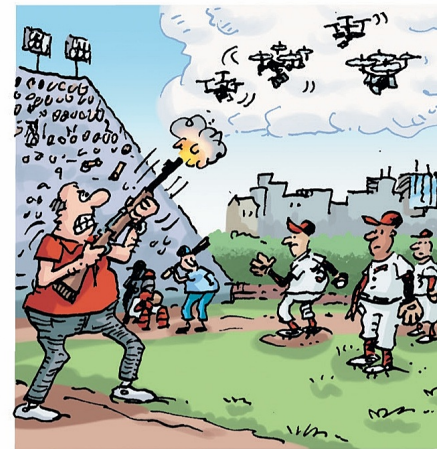
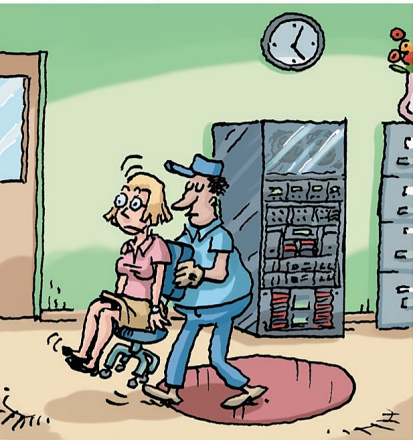
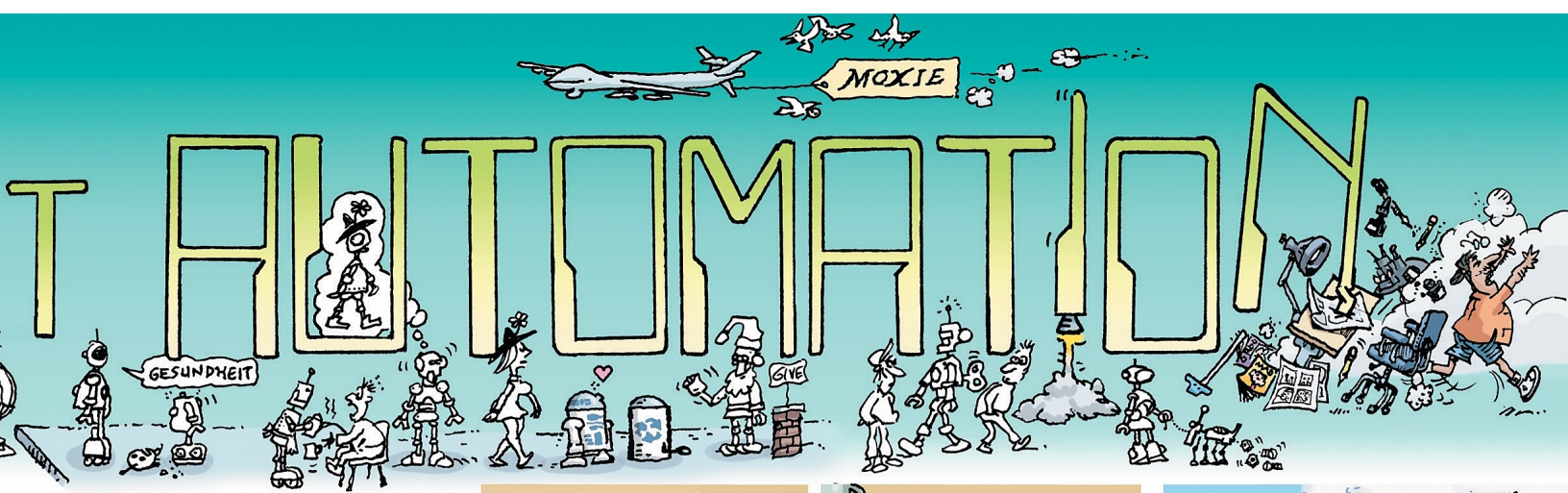
SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

SERGIO  
ARAGONÉS  
PRESENTS...

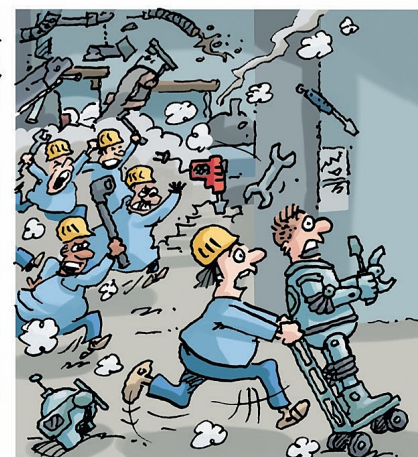
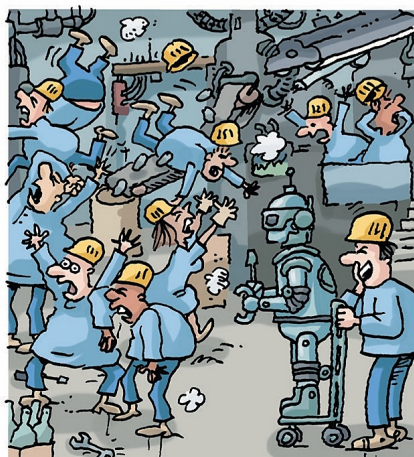
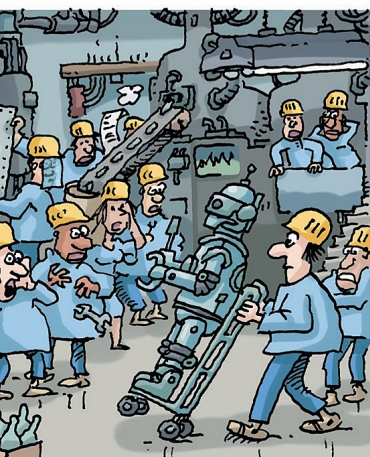
# A MAD LOOK A



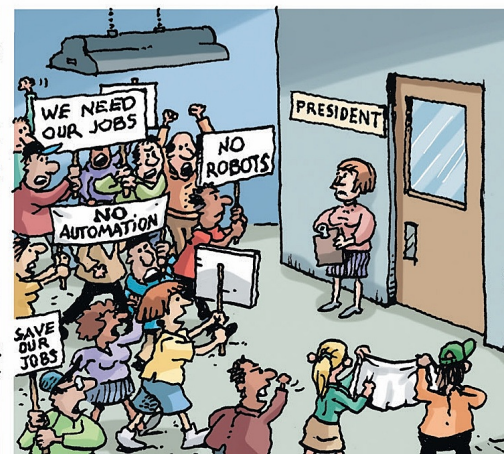
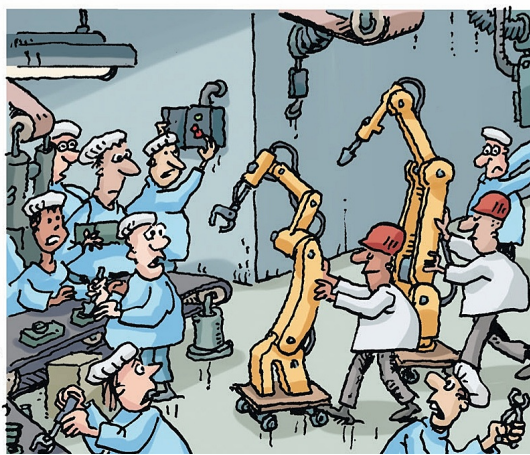
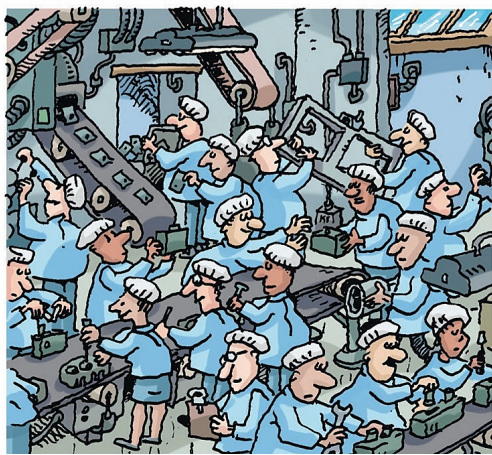
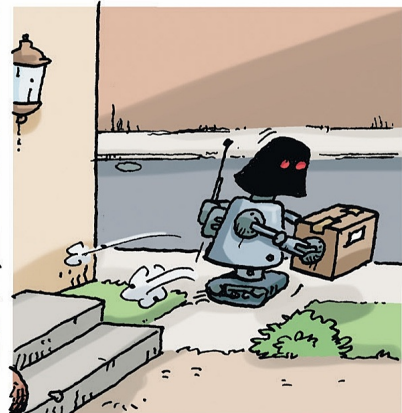
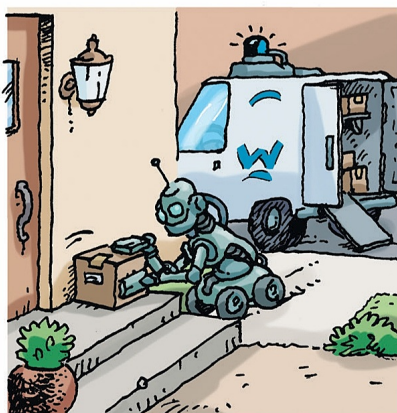
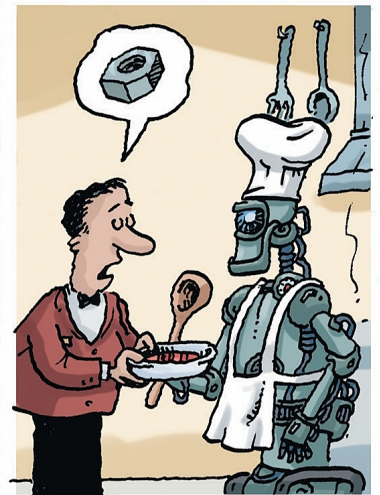
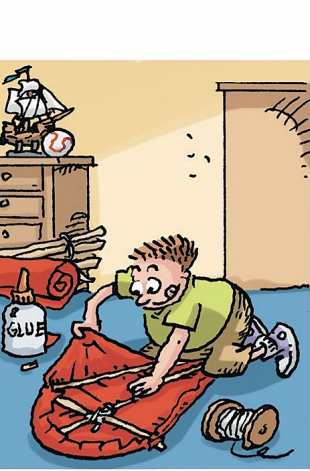




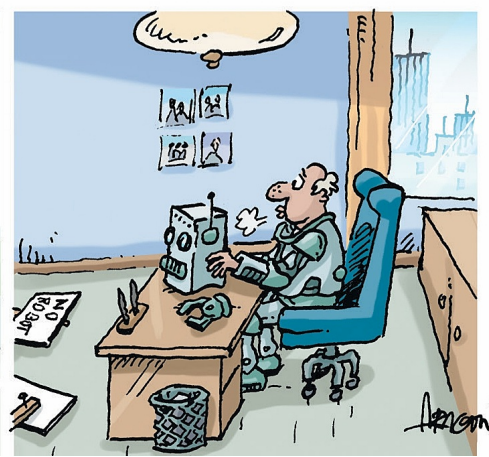
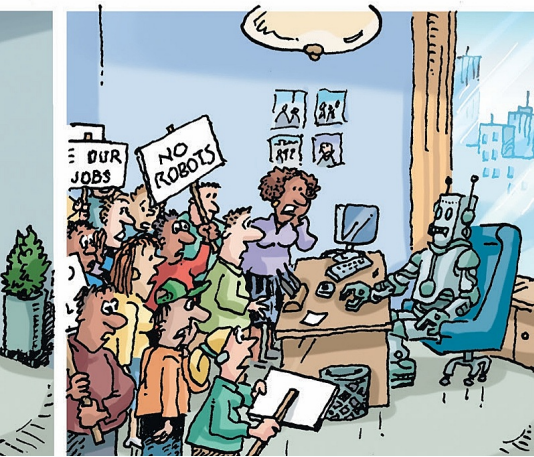
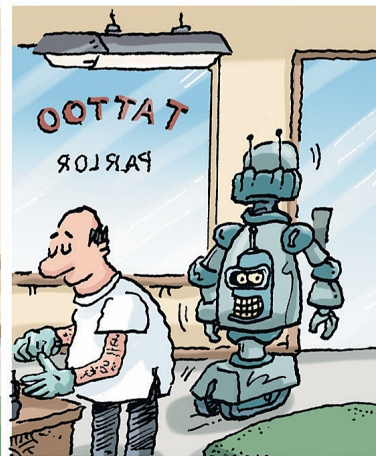
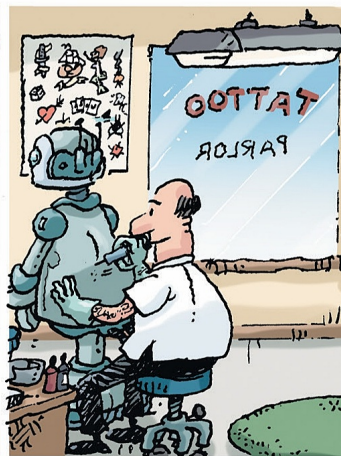
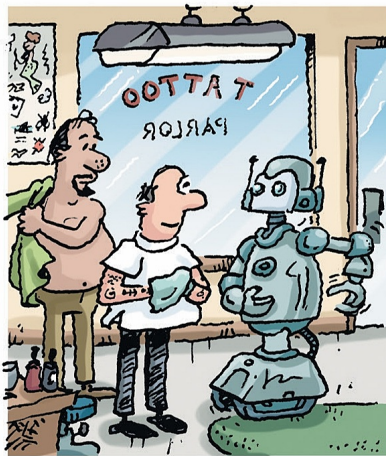
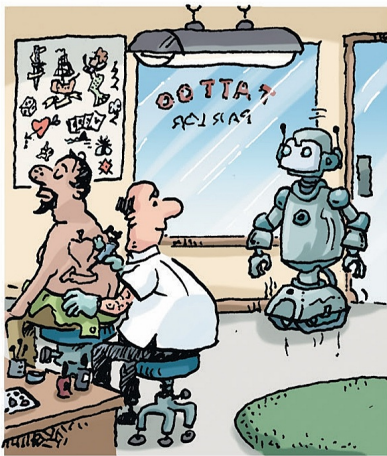
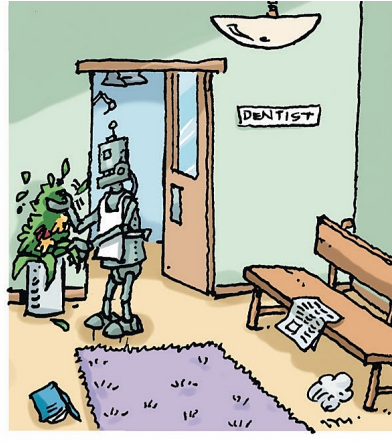
WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS** COLORIST **CARRIE STRACHAN**











Page 24





We're told that the most miraculous thing about computers is their ability to store and feed back information. The real miracle is that not one of the millions of facts they have stored away is the correct spelling of "computer." After hours and hours trying to correct the garble spewed out by some crazed silicon chip, we are back to square one.

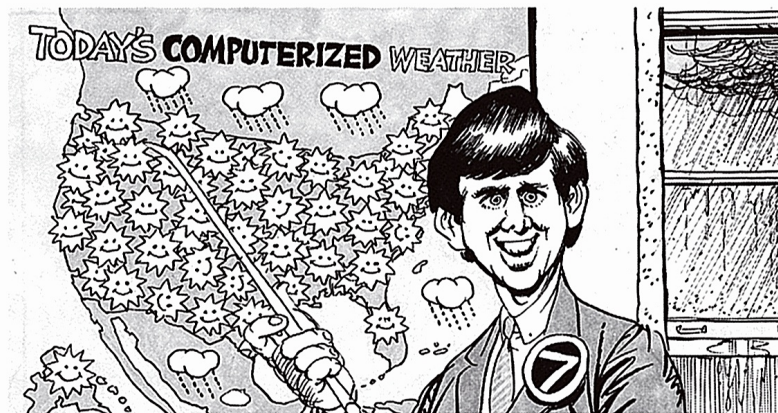
# IF COMPUTERS ARE



...why do they assume you want to receive 800 identical copies of the same mail order catalogue?



... why do they spread the word that you're responsible for all of the 1983 and 1984 parking tickets issued to a car that you sold in 1981?



...why does the increasing amount of information they spew out to TV weathermen only make the forecasts more inaccurate?



...how come they're always telling you that you're making an error, but they can never tell you what it is?



...what is their logic in letting 14,000 murders go unsolved while they devote full time to nailing you on some old traffic warrant?



...why do they blithely pass along a ridiculous meter reading that makes your monthly electric bill higher than the one for Yankee Stadium?



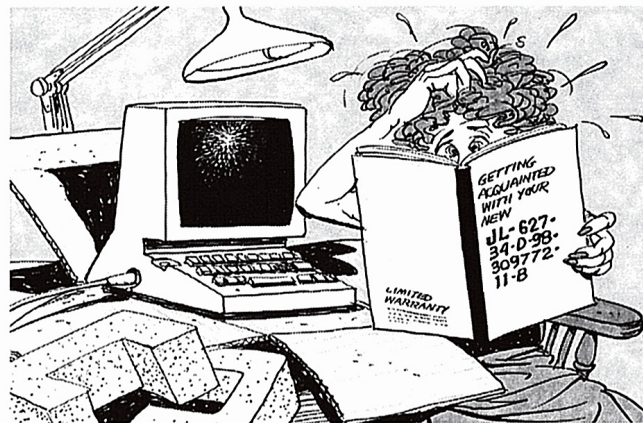
...ack millions of bits of information. But in MAD's opinion, that's not the most miraculous thing about computers. The  
 ...our name, or our accurate address, or a single smidgen of data about us that is completely right! As each of us wastes  
 ...ound to wonder how that much stupidity can be produced with such unfailing regularity. Thus, we ask...

# RE SO BRILLIANT...

WRITER **TOM KOCH** ARTIST **GEORGE WOODBRIDGE**



...why can't they report your correct wages to the I.R.S., especially when it's a known fact that the I.R.S. will always believe a computer and assume the taxpayer is lying?



...why can't they find someone to write a computer instruction manual who knows how to put together a simple sentence?



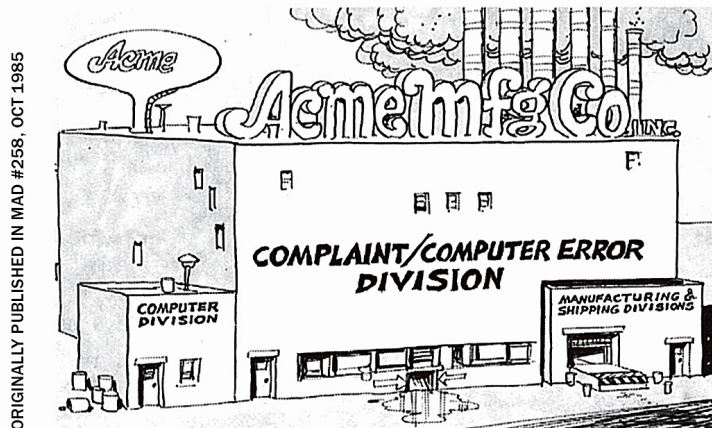
...why do they invariably select the phone numbers of the elderly, the unmarried and the childless to receive their annoying calls about diaper service?



...how do they figure that your bank balance could have dropped from \$1,854 to \$18.54 during a month you didn't make any withdrawals?



...why do they insist that "JOHNSMITH" is all one word, and must be alphabetized under "J" until its poor owner gets around to acquiring a first name?



...why do companies that install them immediately have to hire lots of extra employees just to correct computer errors?



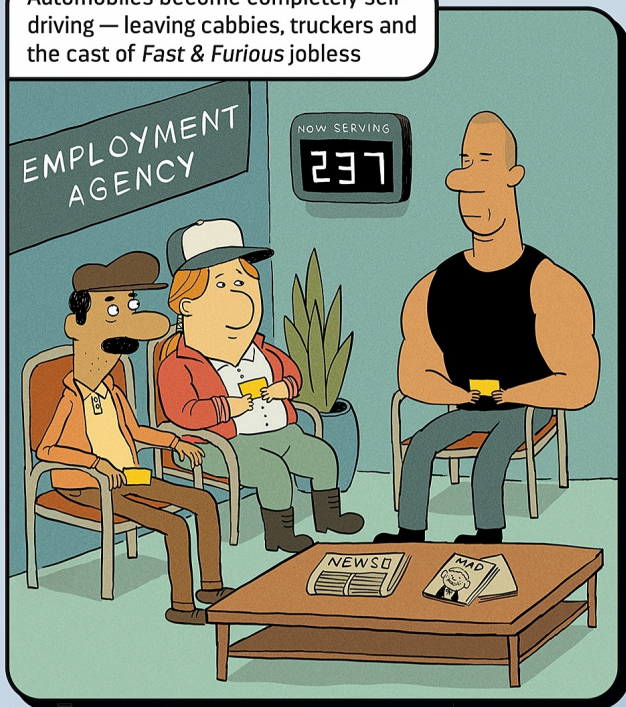


With robots working in factories, hospitals and even police departments — *somebody* has to detonate those bombs — many say that the future of job automation is already here. But in the years to come, we'll see advances that will make our current sci-fi dystopia seem positively quaint! Don't believe us? Just tell your cybernetic butler to read you this piece we like to call...

# THE FUTURE OF

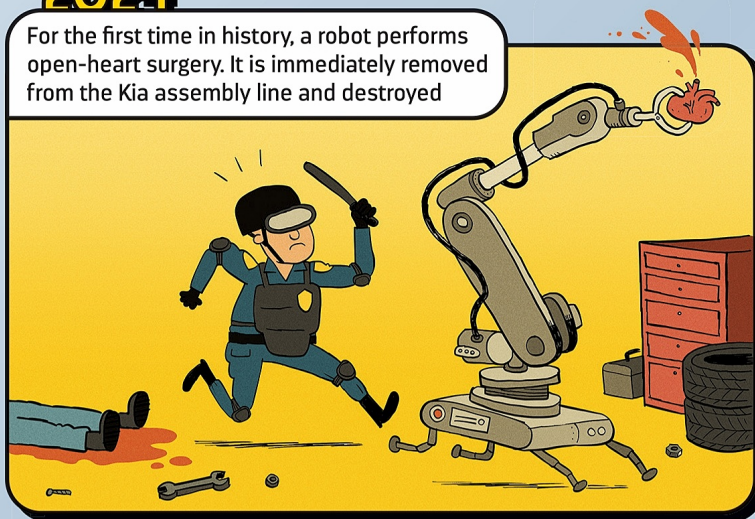
**2019**

Automobiles become completely self-driving — leaving cabbies, truckers and the cast of *Fast & Furious* jobless



**2024**

For the first time in history, a robot performs open-heart surgery. It is immediately removed from the Kia assembly line and destroyed



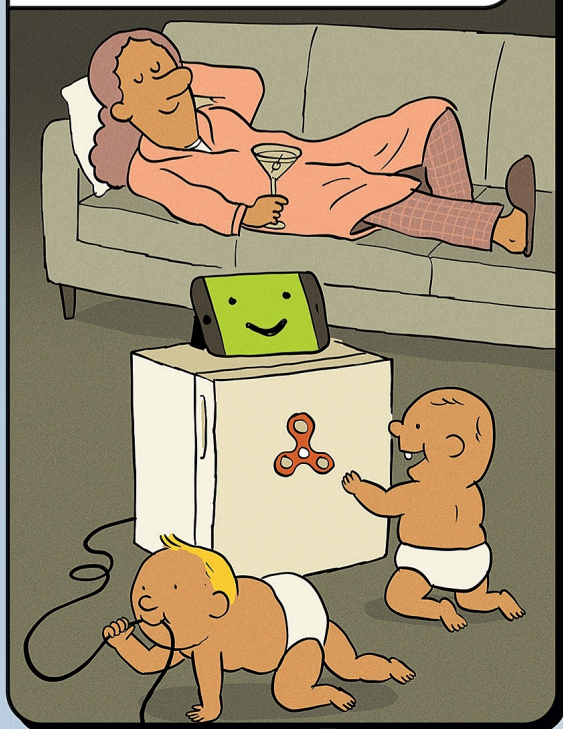
**2025**

McDonald's staff becomes fully automated — leading to higher profits, shorter wait times and a dramatic uptick in customers finding lugnuts in their Big Macs



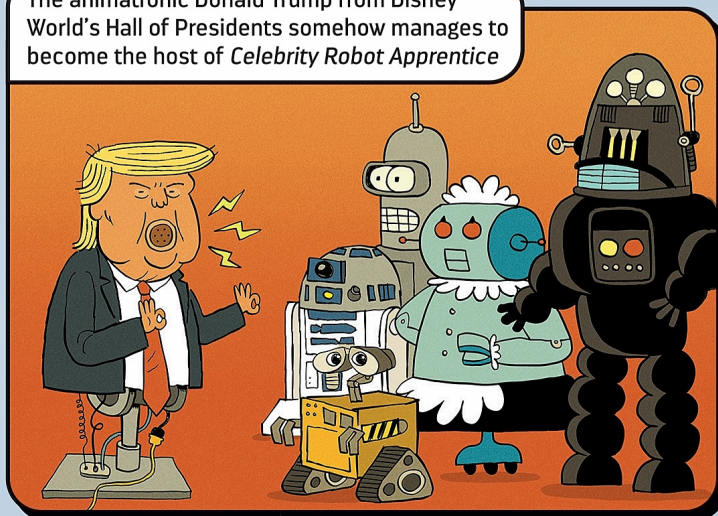
**2022**

Childcare is revolutionized with the advent of the Robo-Nanny. Sure, it's just a mini-fridge, an iPad and a fidget spinner welded together — but, man, does it keep the kids out of your hair!



**2028**

The animatronic Donald Trump from Disney World's Hall of Presidents somehow manages to become the host of *Celebrity Robot Apprentice*

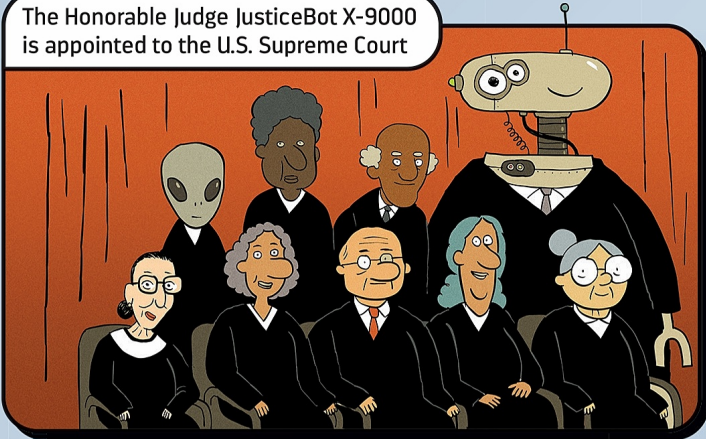




# JOB AUTOMATION

**2032**

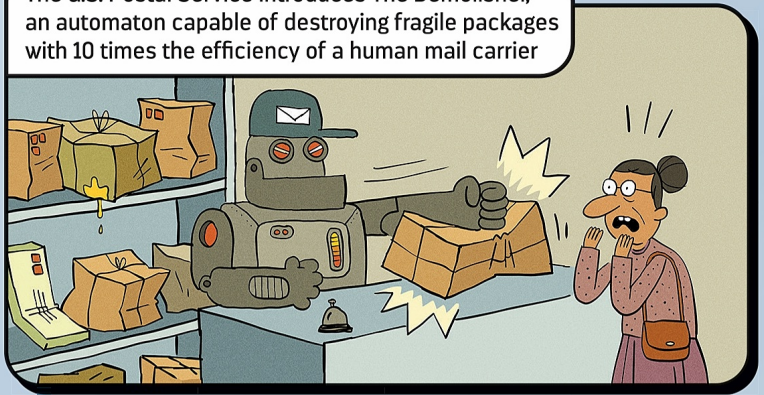
The Honorable Judge JusticeBot X-9000 is appointed to the U.S. Supreme Court



**2038**

WRITER **KENNY KEIL** ARTIST **JOHN MARTZ**

The U.S. Postal Service introduces The Demolisher, an automaton capable of destroying fragile packages with 10 times the efficiency of a human mail carrier



**2033**

Human police officers are replaced with patrol drones, resulting in some of the weirdest episodes of *Law & Order* yet



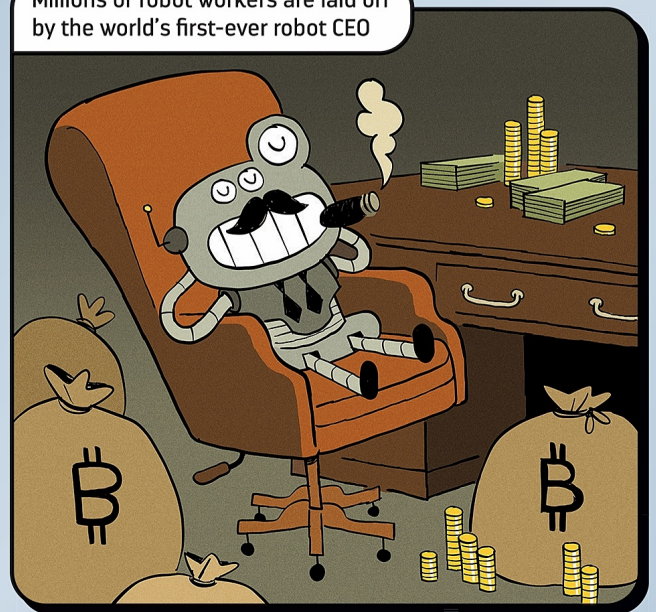
**2039**

For the first time in baseball history, a robot plays in the World Series. Unfortunately, its settings accidentally get switched from "Pitcher" to "Belly Itcher" in the seventh inning, resulting in a devastating upset



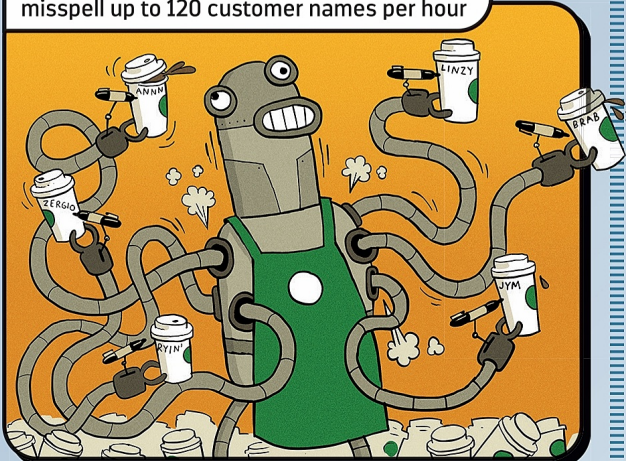
**2043**

Millions of robot workers are laid off by the world's first-ever robot CEO



**2036**

Starbucks develops a robotic barista that can misspell up to 120 customer names per hour



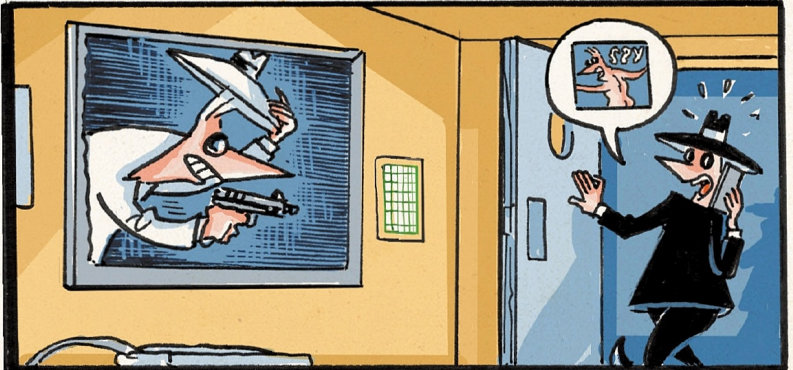
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #550, APR 2018





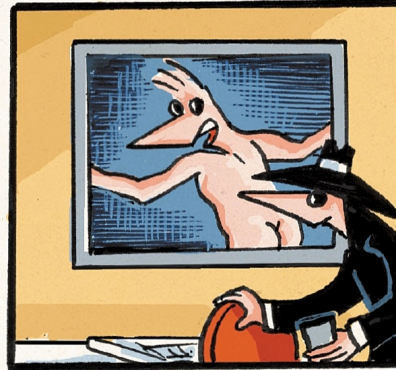
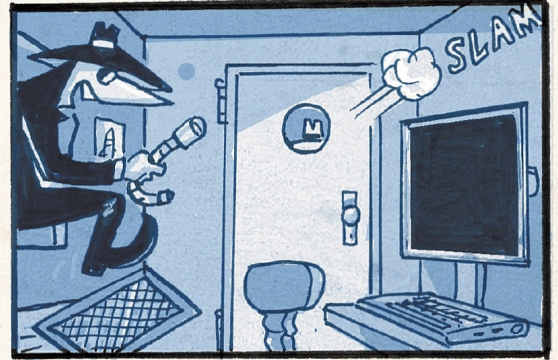
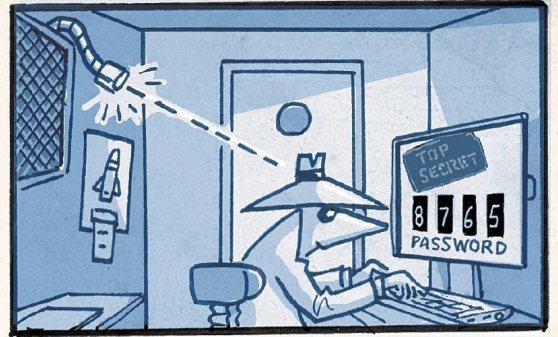
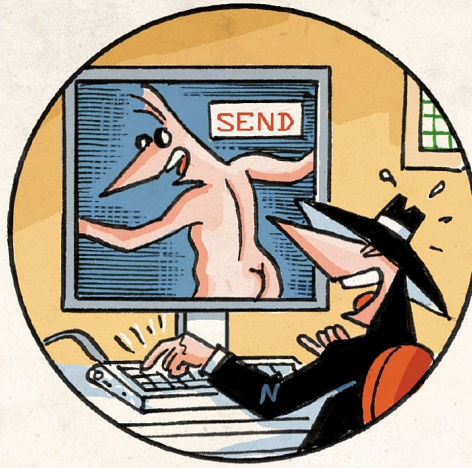
A.I.

AI





# SPY vs SPY







# MeaNWHile...

WRITER IAN BOOTHBY  
ARTIST PIA GUERRA



"WHAT REALLY MAKES ME FEEL LIKE I'M LIVING IN THE FUTURE IS HOW OFTEN I'M ASKED TO PROVE I'M NOT A ROBOT."



"THE NEW PET THEY LOVE SO MUCH CAN DO A LOT OF TRICKS, BUT IT'S NOT SO TOUGH WHEN YOU PEE ON IT."



"I'M GETTING TO BE AN OLD MACDONALD, SO I LEAVE MOST OF THE FARMING DECISIONS TO MY E.I.E.I.O.-A.I."

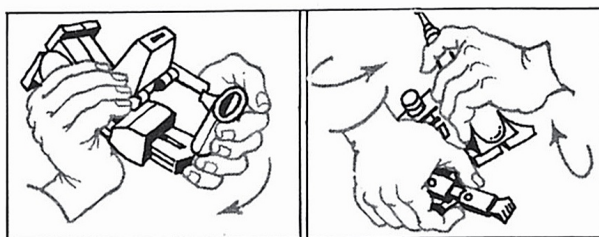
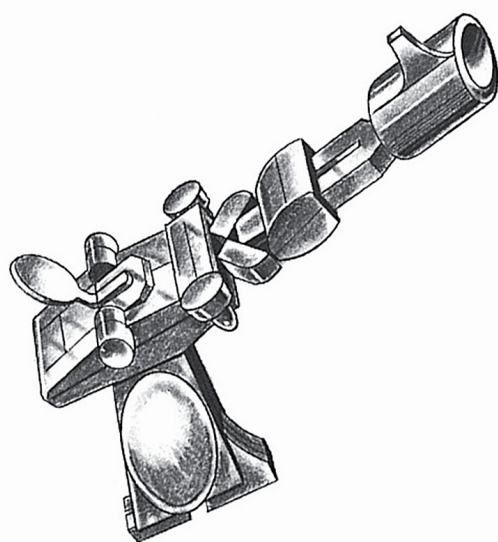


"AS I SUSPECTED! THE HOUSE IS POSSESSED BY THE SPIRIT OF YOUR DELETED BROWSER HISTORY."

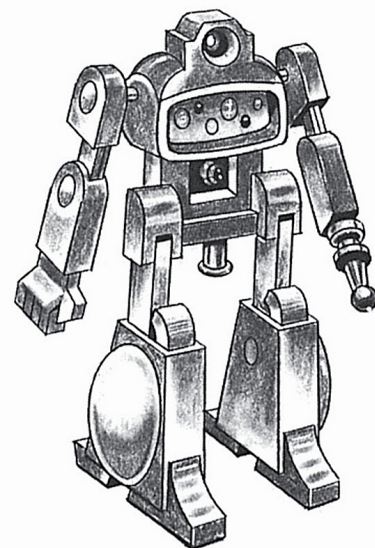
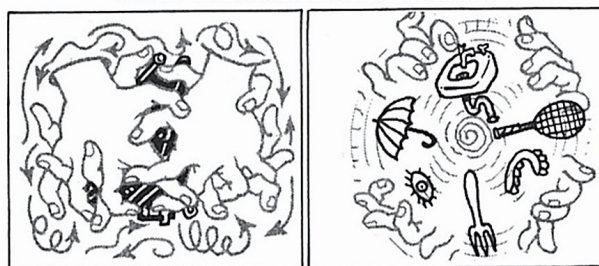




GOBOTS and TRANSFORMERS are the hottest toys of the year! As the name implies, these toys transform from one thing into another. For instance, a few deft twists of its moveable parts, and a...

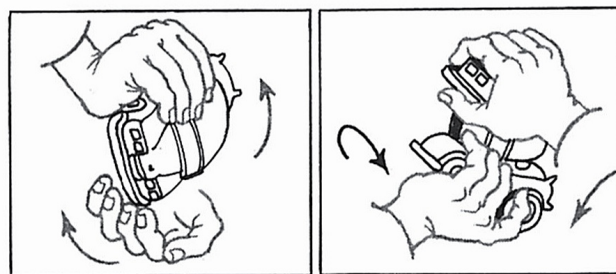
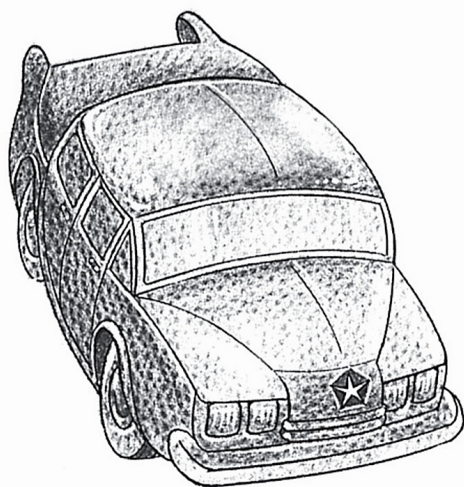


**GUN BECOMES A ROBOT**

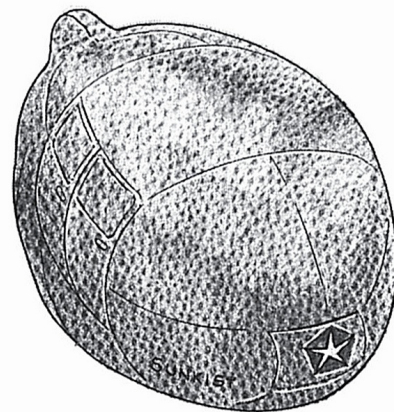
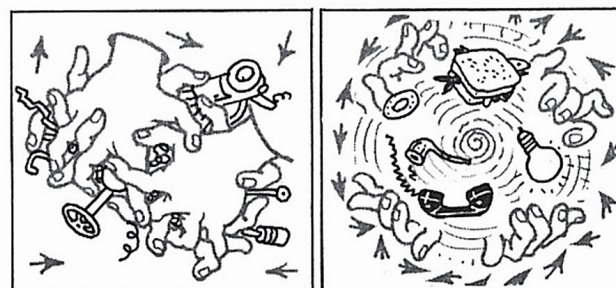


Great! Except they only deal in the fantasy world! What kids need today are toys that deal in the real world! Toys like MAD's...

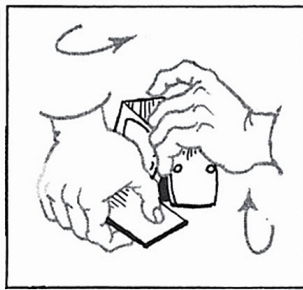
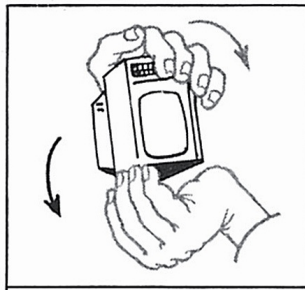
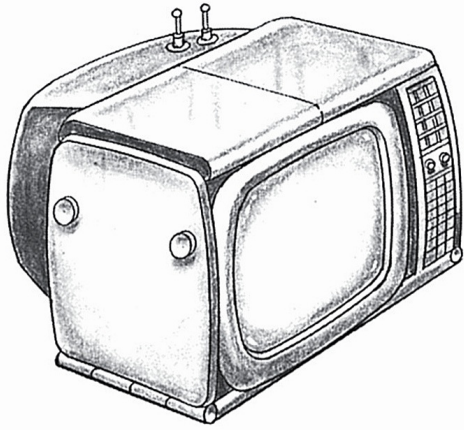
# TRULY LOGICAL TRANSFORMERS



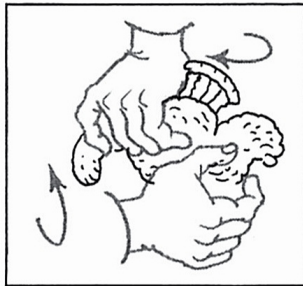
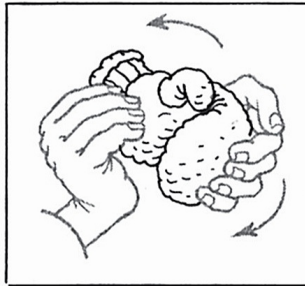
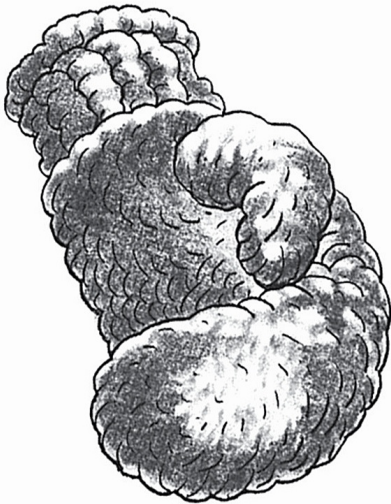
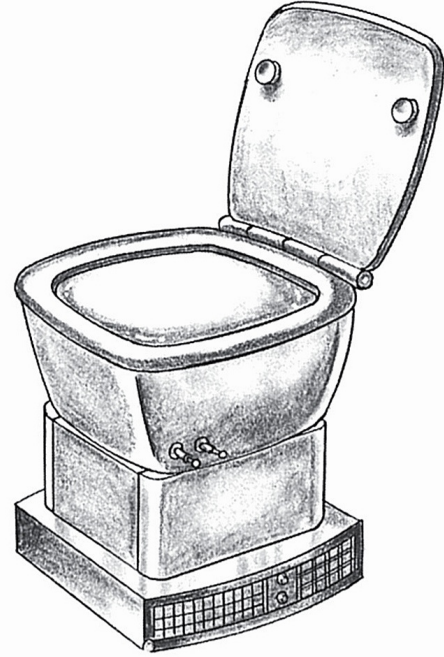
**WHEELS TRANSFORM INTO A LEMON**



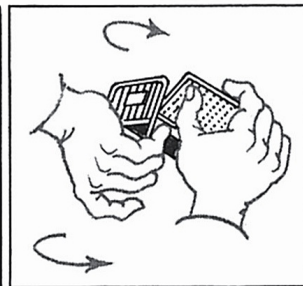
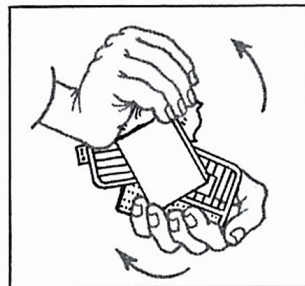
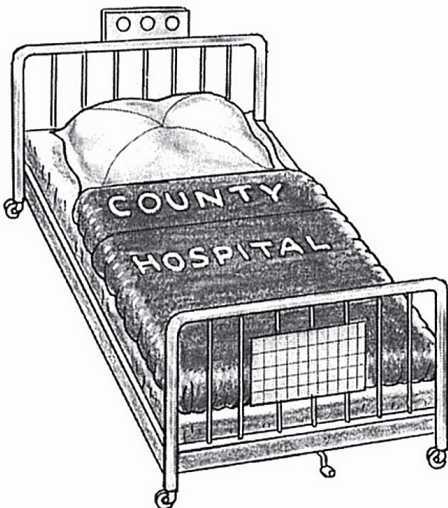
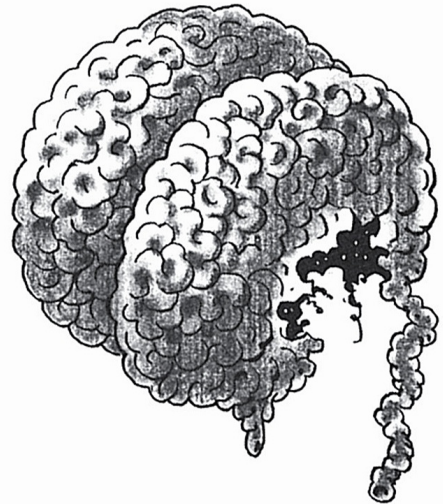




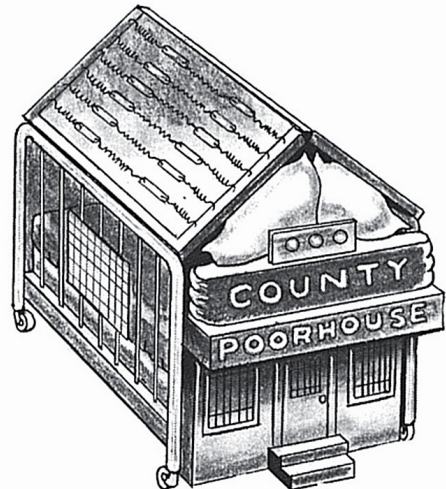
**THE BOOB TUBE TRANSFORMS INTO THE FAMILY THRONE**



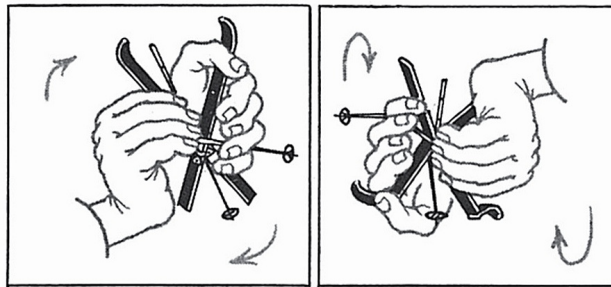
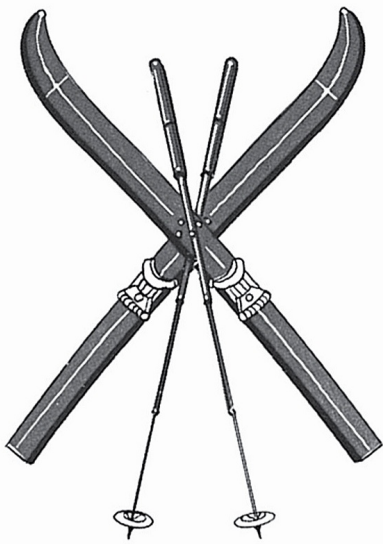
**BOXING GLOVES TURN INTO BATTERED BRAINS**



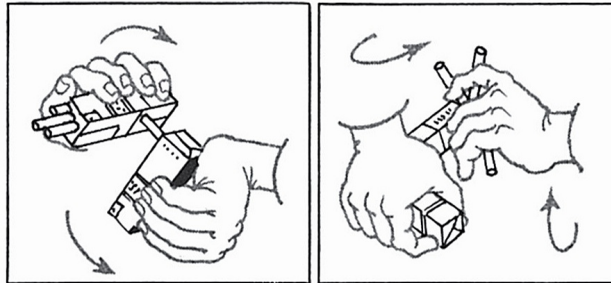
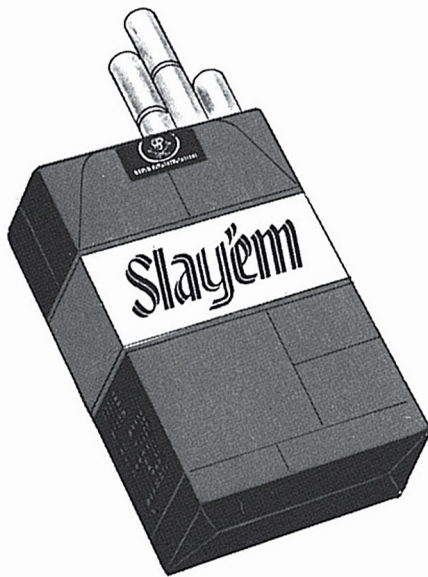
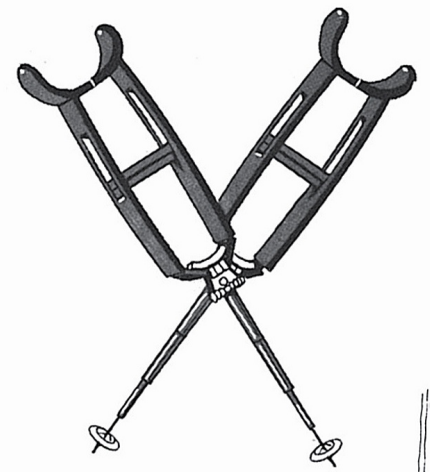
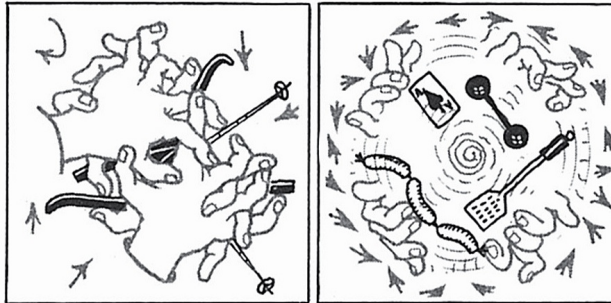
**"FLAT ON YOUR BACK" TRANSFORMS INTO FLAT BROKE**



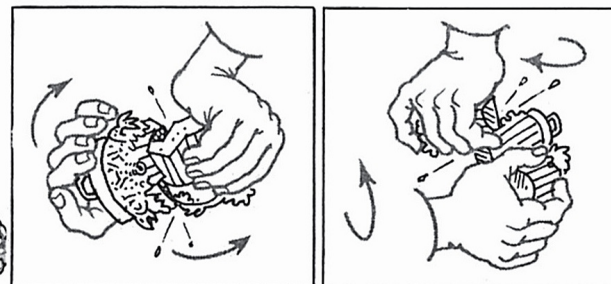
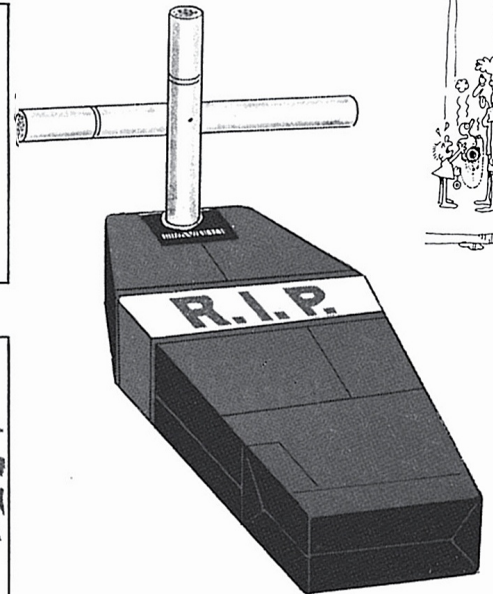




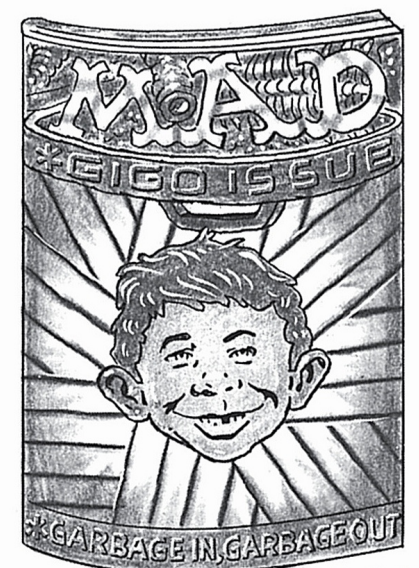
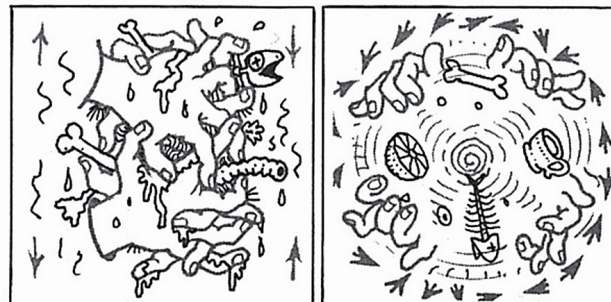
**SKI TIME TRANSFORMS INTO BUSTED KNEE TIME**



**ASHES TRANSFORM INTO ASHES**



**TRASH TRANSFORMS INTO GARBAGE**



Al Jaffee

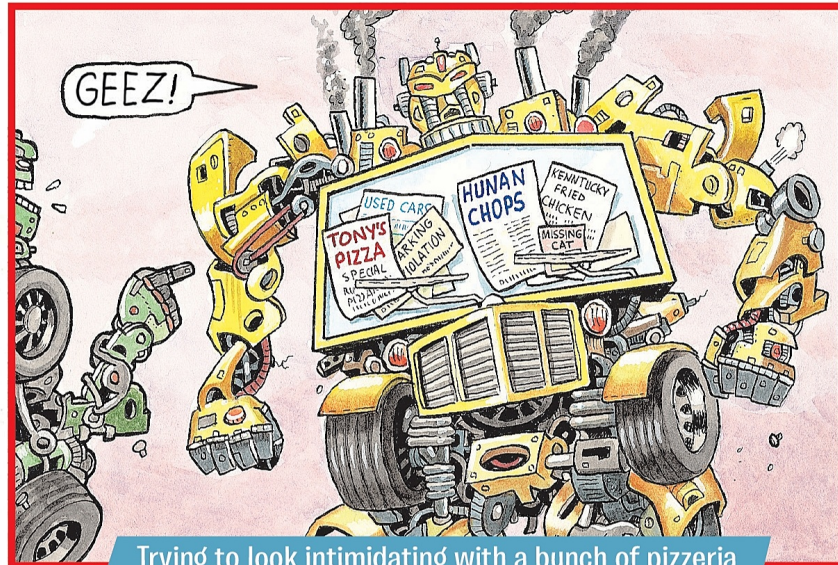
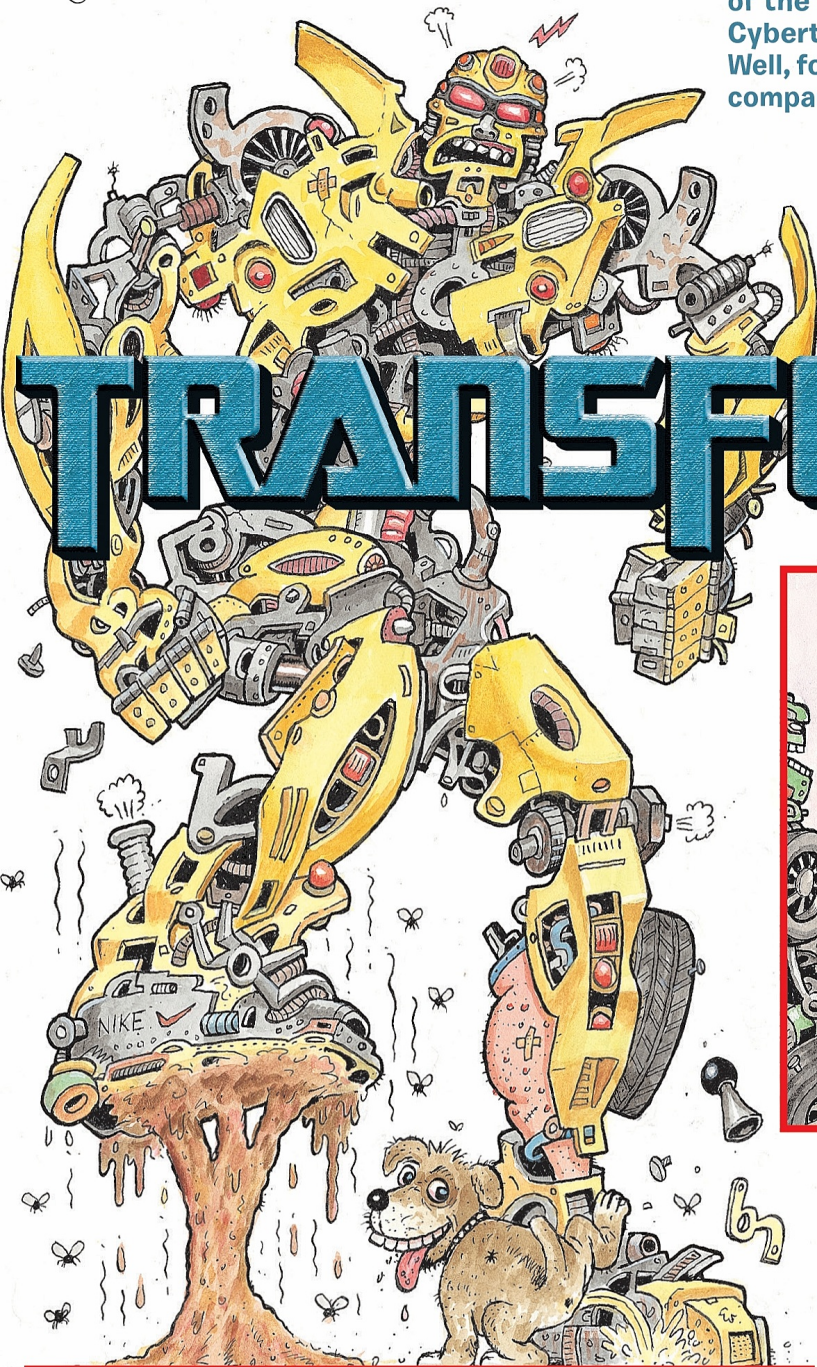




So you're in a vicious battle with your sworn enemies for the fate of the universe, a million miles away from your home planet of Cybertron and facing death at every turn. Sounds tough, right? Well, for the Autobots and Decepticons, all that stuff is child's play compared to these...

# Everyday Pet Peeves of

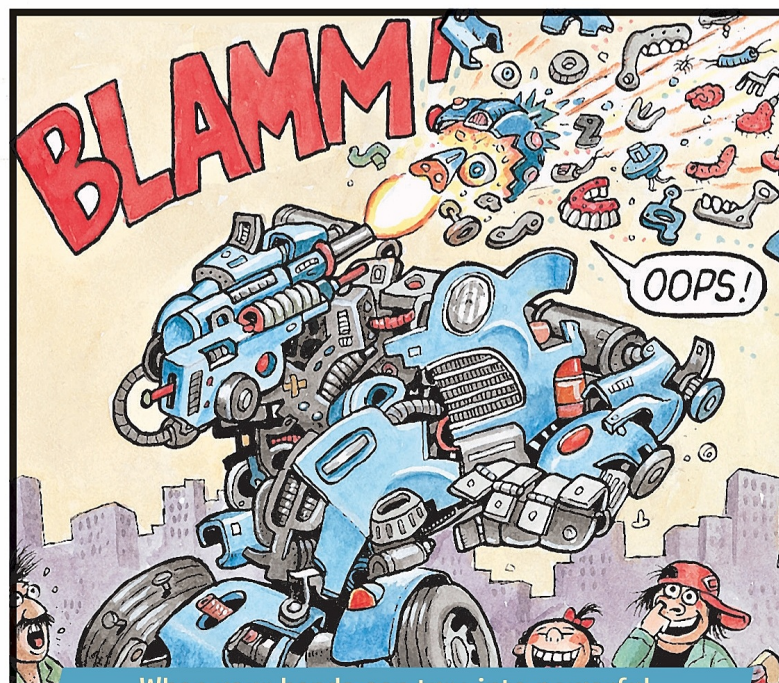
# TRANSFORMERS



Trying to look intimidating with a bunch of pizzeria flyers jammed under your windshield wipers.



Taking a snooze in the wrong part of town and waking up hours later without your arms or legs.

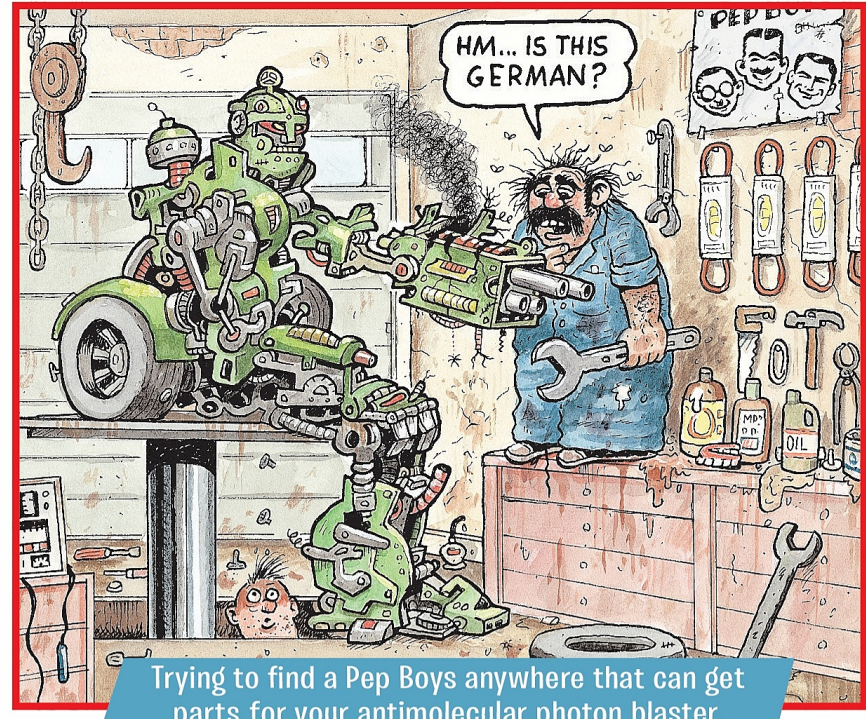


When your hands can turn into powerful laser-cannons, there's always a chance that accidental suicide is as close as your next nose-pick.

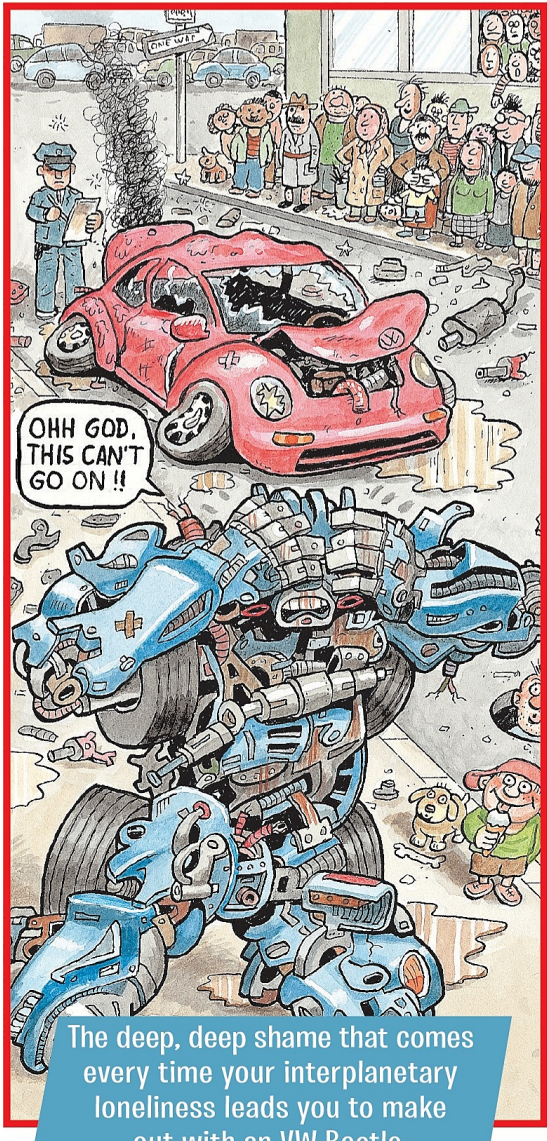




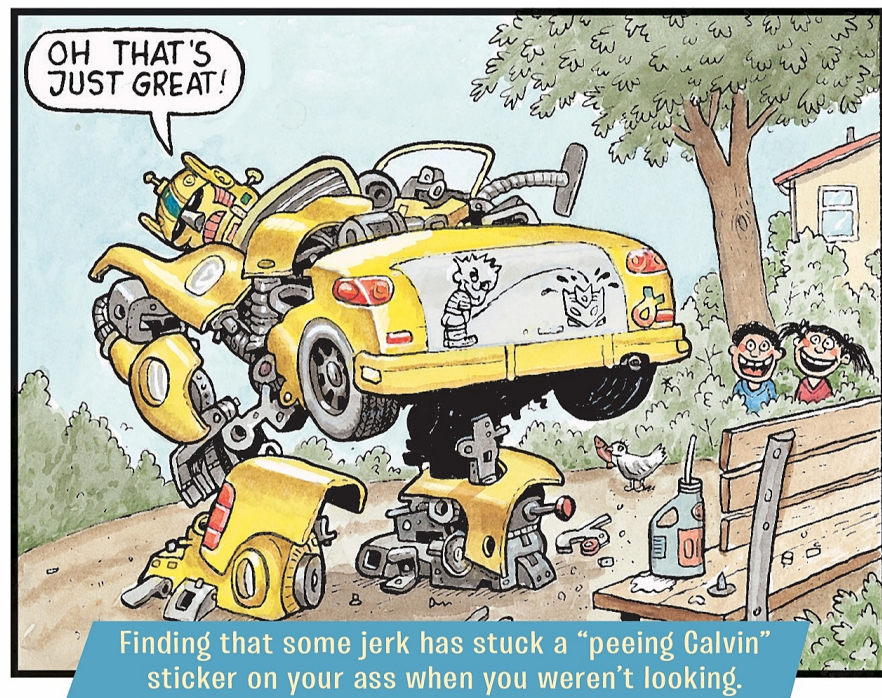
Asking the lazy-ass gas station attendant to "do the windshield"- and then stumbling into battle with a blurry, grease-streaked visor.



Trying to find a Pep Boys anywhere that can get parts for your antimolecular photon blaster.



The deep, deep shame that comes every time your interplanetary loneliness leads you to make out with an VW Beetle.



Finding that some jerk has stuck a "peeing Calvin" sticker on your ass when you weren't looking.



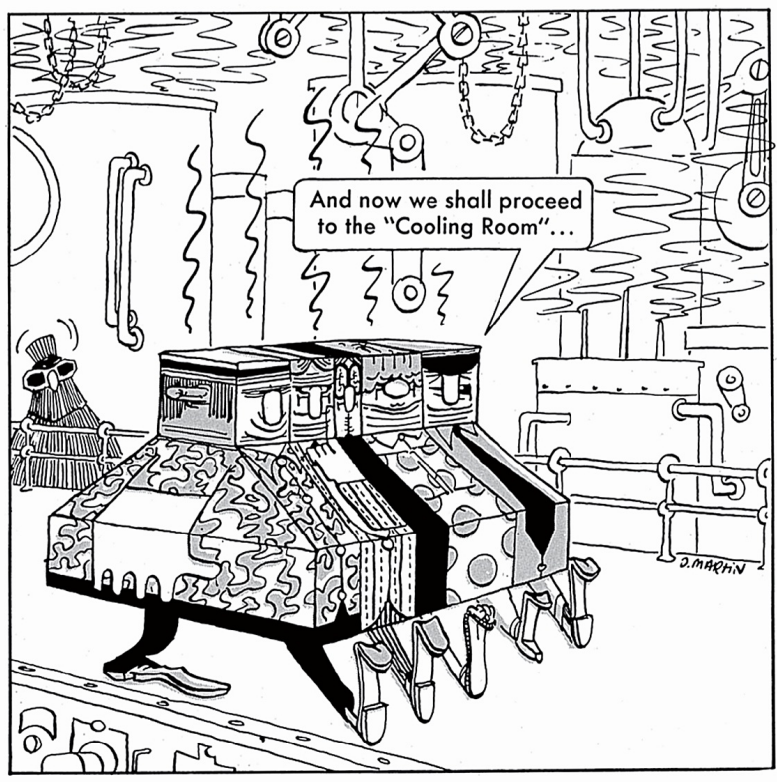
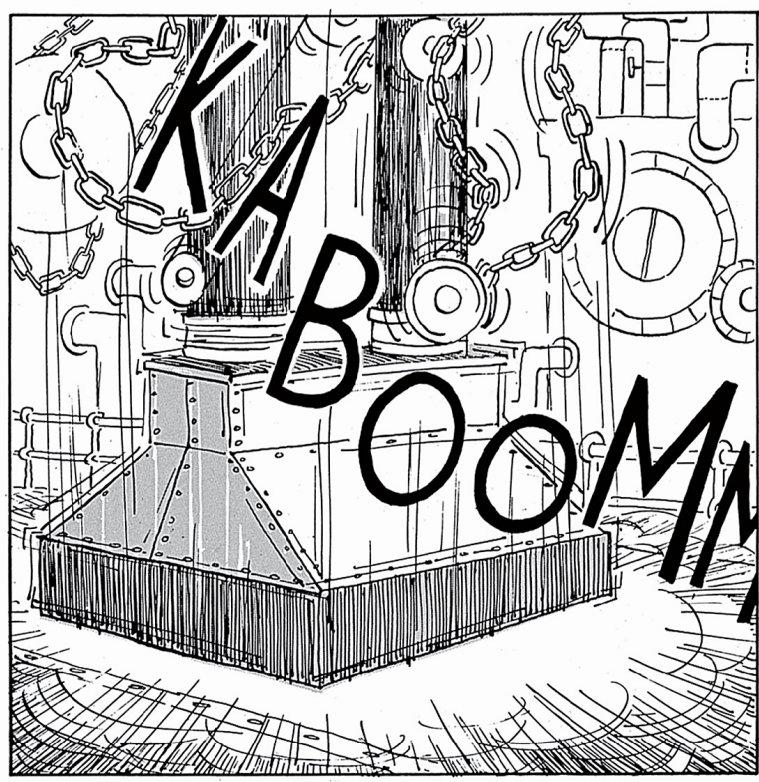
Having everyone idiotically assume that you must be the product of an extra-special episode of *Pimp My Ride*.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #480, AUG 2007





# A GUIDED TOUR THROUGH A STEEL FOUNDRY



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #62, APR 1961



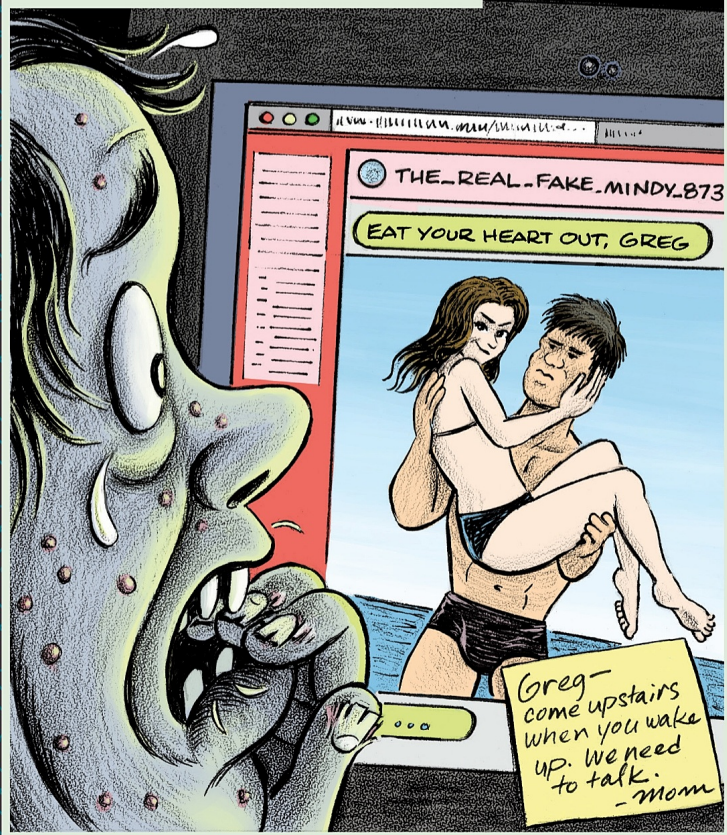


Hey, gang! Here we go with another MAD Hate Book, a little literary gem to help you blow off steam about your pet grievances. This one's for those who not only embrace all the tech advancements that come our way but truly take advantage of them. It's...

# THE MAD ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE HATE BOOK

WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

**DON'T YOU HATE...**



...when the deepfake you made of your ex-girlfriend starts seeing other guys?

**DON'T YOU HATE...**



...when people don't recognize your skill as an A.I. artist?



## DON'T YOU HATE...



...how A.I. hallucinations are cooler than any you've ever had?

## DON'T YOU HATE...



...when you can't think of any good prompts for A.I. to write your final term paper?

## DON'T YOU HATE...



...worrywarts who fret about how much water A.I. servers use for every dank meme you make?

## DON'T YOU HATE...



...when your tech company is sued for using millions of "copyrighted" images without permission?

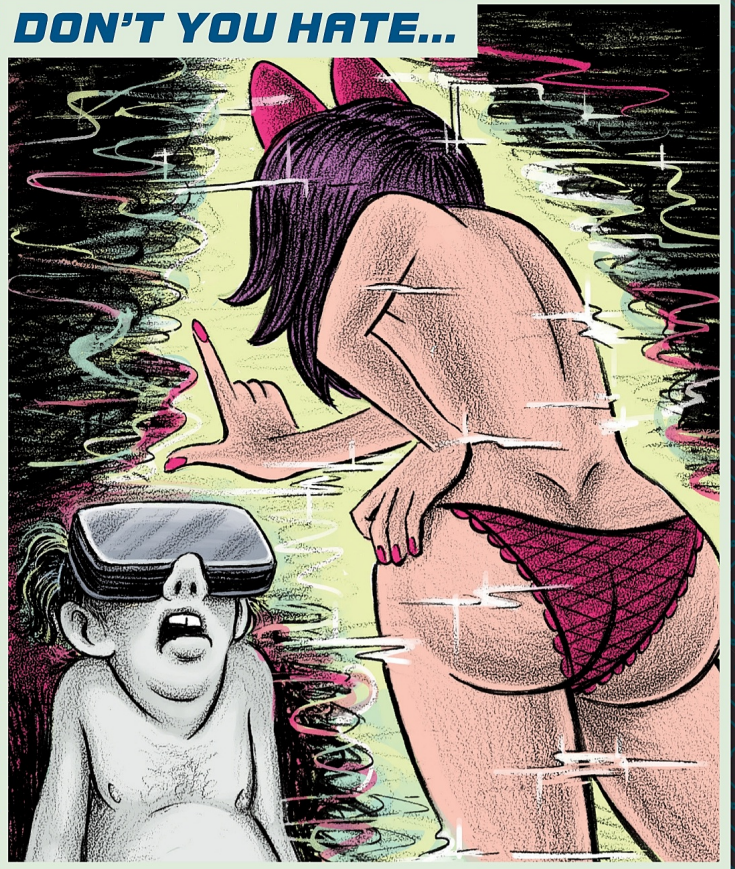


**DON'T YOU HATE...**



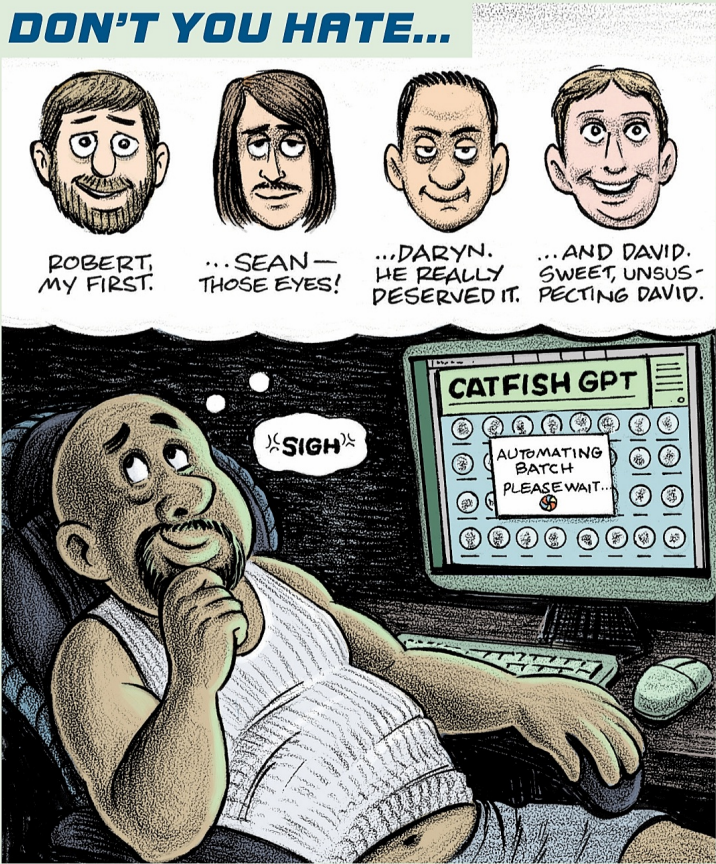
...when you don't have access to a chatbot and actually have to think for yourself?

**DON'T YOU HATE...**



...how your virtual date is so realistic even she thinks you're a loser?

**DON'T YOU HATE...**



...how A.I. makes catfishing easier, but you just don't feel that special connection anymore?

**DON'T YOU HATE...**



...how A.I. was supposed to make life easier but so far it's been the opposite?





It's the Spielberg-by-way-of-Kubrick theory that in the future, in order to keep the world's population down, people will be offered a stark choice: either don't have children, or adopt robotic ones. The good news is that the robotic runts are life-like, loving and already toilet trained! The bad news is that they get on your nerves from day one, never grow up and never move out of the house—which is why the very idea of taking one of these little buggers home is the sheer height of...

I'm Professor Hubby, Chief Engineer at CyberCynics. We just released our latest model, DaveNocchio, a Mecha 11-year-old boy. Getting this super-advanced Mechaboy to love was easy. Getting it to be loved back from cold, self-centered parents was another thing! But then, that's par for the course in the real world!

I'm DaveNocchio, the most advanced Mecha ever built. I can run, laugh, and I can even think. I cost about a billion dollars to perfect. It would have been nice if they spent an extra five bucks to give me the ability to blink. My eyes are killing me! One other thing. I don't have the ability to sleep, which is horrible! Imagine sitting through this film without having the ability to snooze. Sheer torture!

I'm Momica, the mother of a very sick son. My husband has the nerve to think a Mecha could replace him. I know I wouldn't have to feed a Mecha, clean up after him, or wash his dirty clothes. And the Mecha would do all the housework. All the shopping! All the cooking! Hmm...Maybe it's time we pulled the plug and took our real son off life support!

My wife hates the Mecha because she feels I'm trying to substitute him for our real son. I hate the Mecha for my own reasons. He's supposed to be mechanical, and yet he can act better than me. I'm not nutty about Eveready the Bear, either. He has 100 times more screen time than I do! Robots may not be taking over the planet, but they sure are taking over the plum movie roles!

I'm Eveready the Bear, the mandatory cuddly, licensable character in every Spielberg film. I am a super toy! I have the looks of an Ewok, the charm of C3PO and for some inexplicable reason, the voice of Hannibal Lecter!

I'm Giggie-Low Joe. I'm handsome, I'm hot, and I'm an expert lover who can get it on several times a day. And I never fall asleep afterwards. Instead, I want to cuddle! That's the dead giveaway to women that I'm a robot and not a real man!

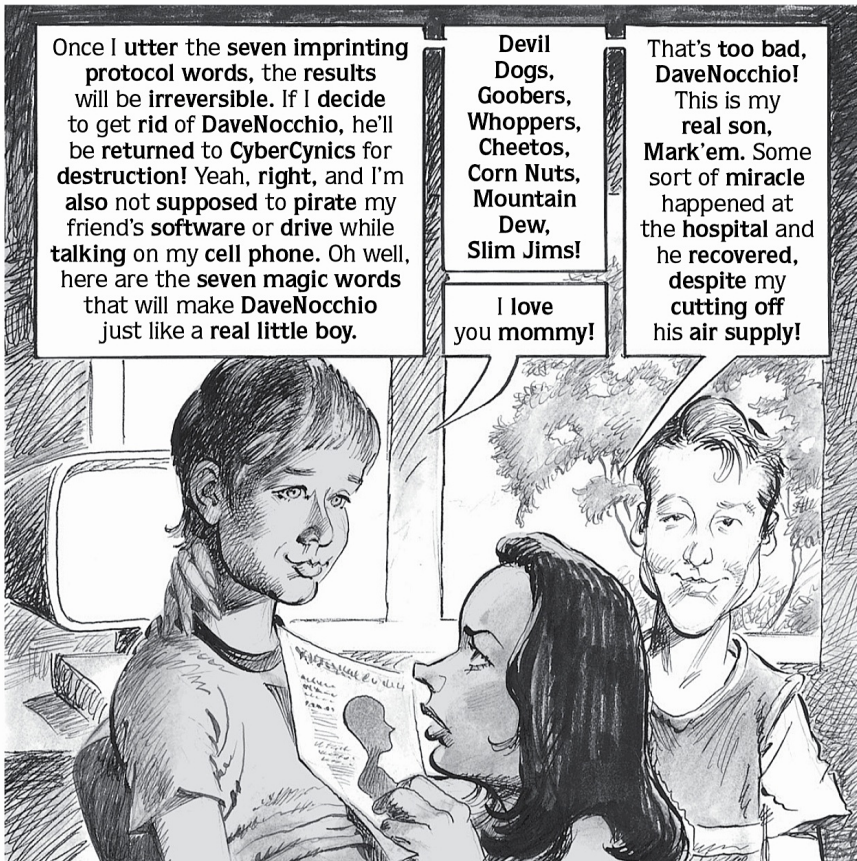
I'm Mark'em, the real, human son. But I'm in a coma, so I can't utter anything here. But I hope to recover in the next few panels to inject some life into this movie!



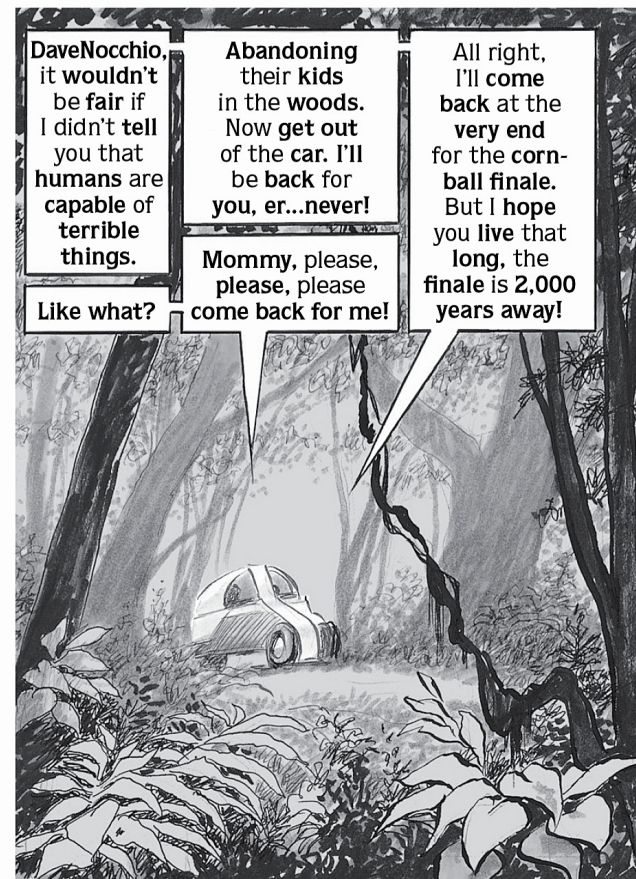
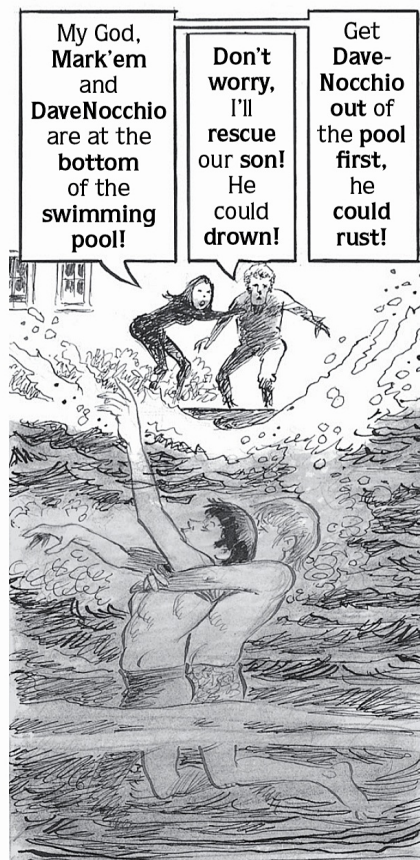
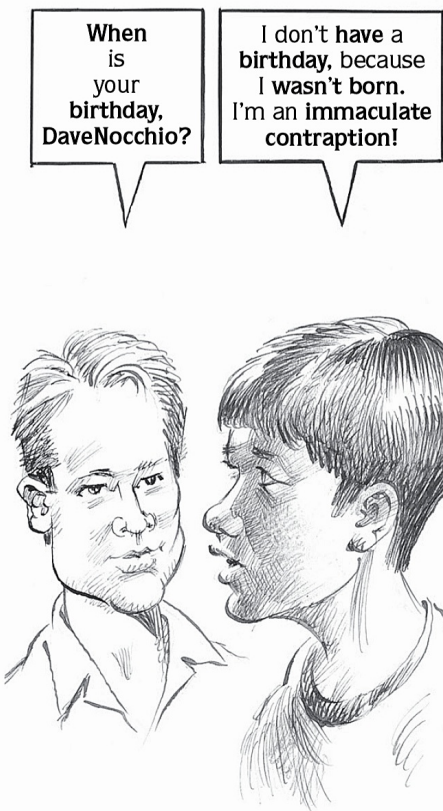
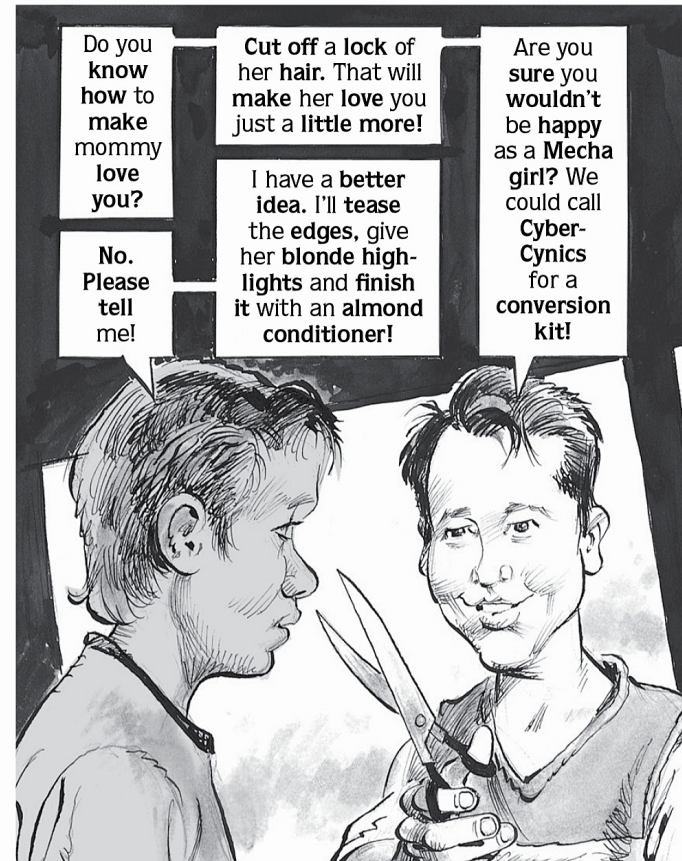


# A.I. ABSOLUTE IDIOCY

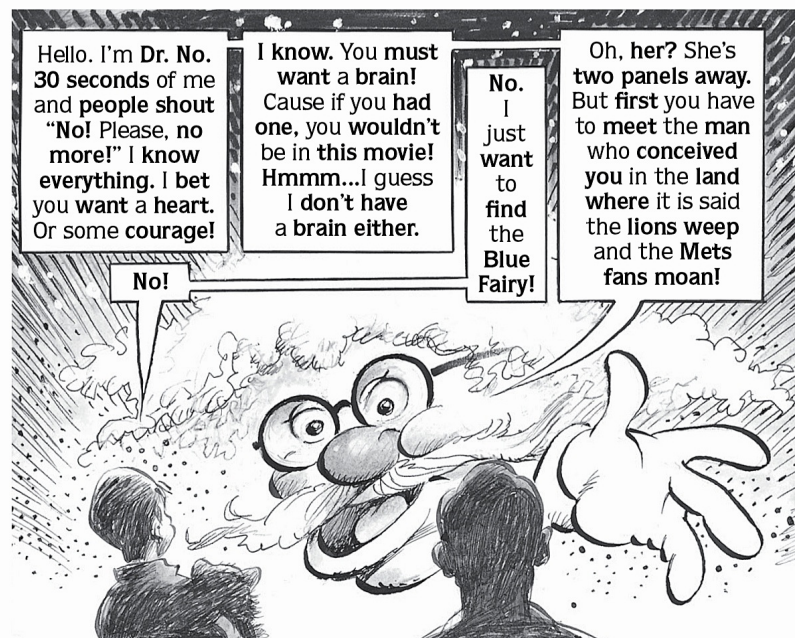
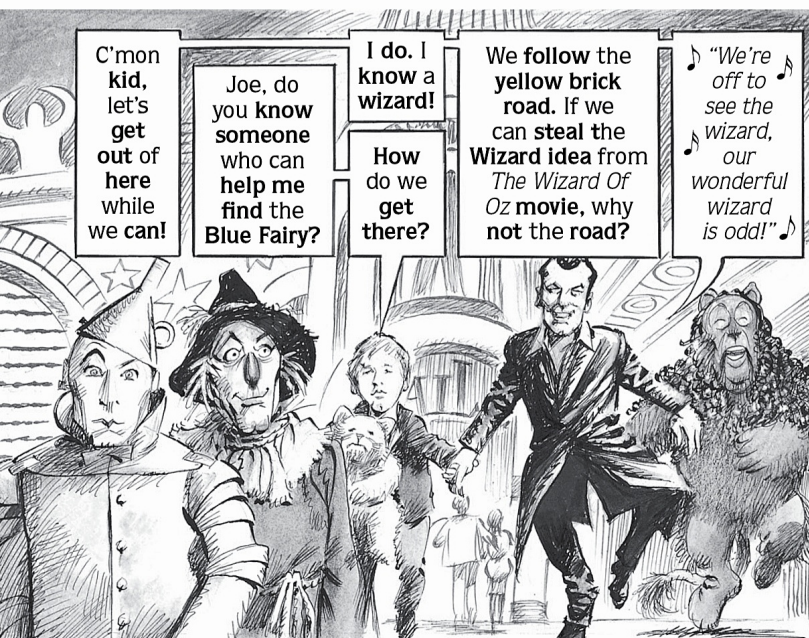
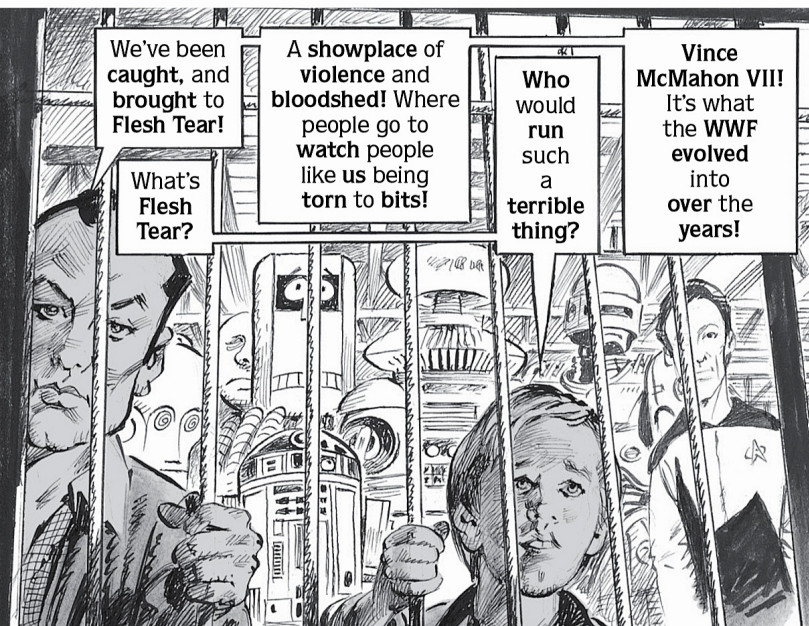
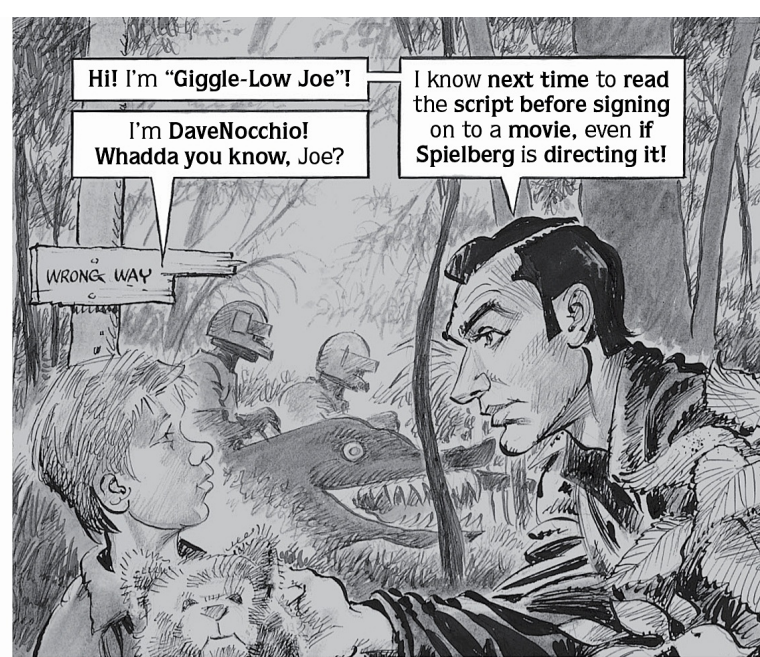
WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO**  
ARTIST **MORT DRUCKER**



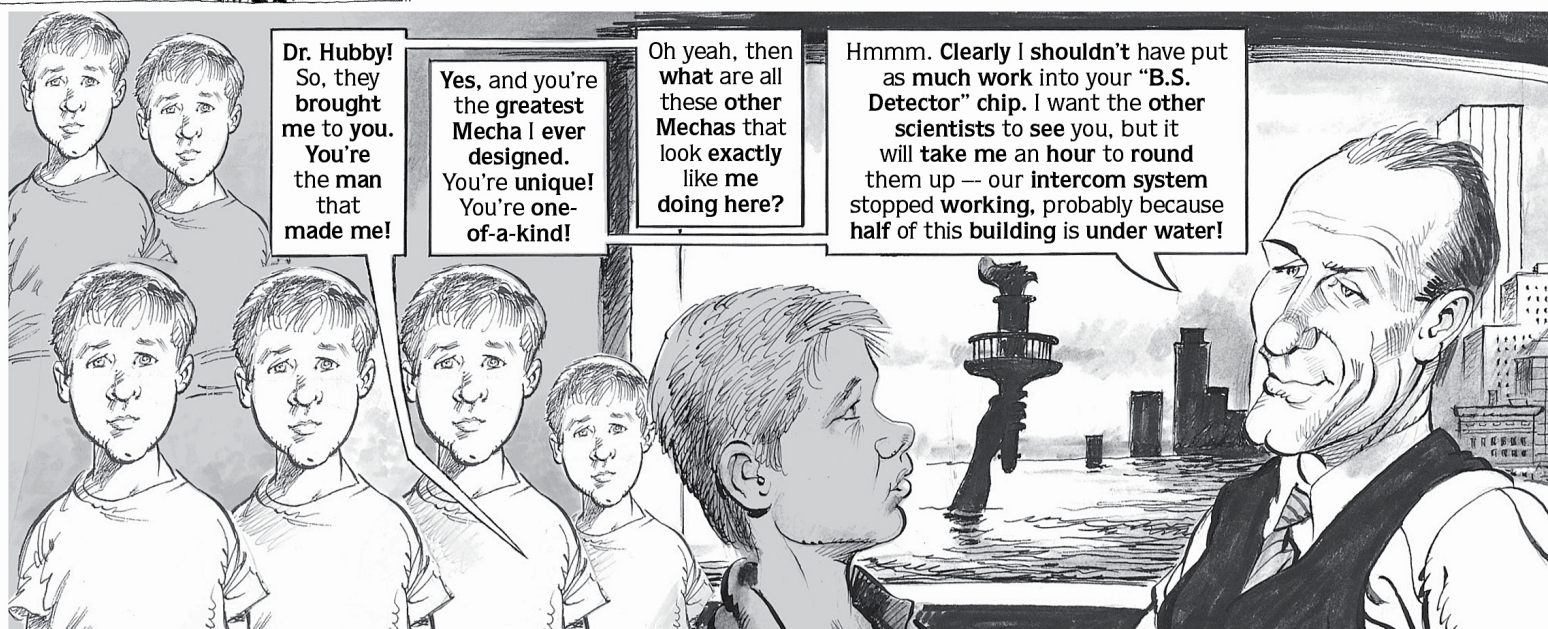
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #410, OCT 2001









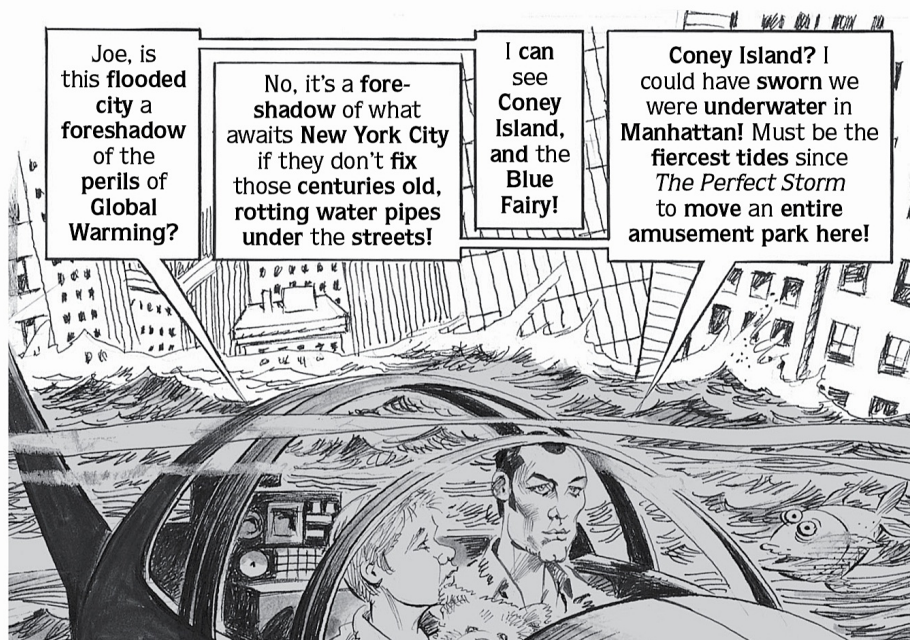


Dr. Hubby!  
So, they brought me to you. You're the man that made me!

Yes, and you're the greatest Mecha I ever designed. You're unique! You're one-of-a-kind!

Oh yeah, then what are all these other Mechas that look exactly like me doing here?

Hmmm. Clearly I shouldn't have put as much work into your "B.S. Detector" chip. I want the other scientists to see you, but it will take me an hour to round them up -- our intercom system stopped working, probably because half of this building is under water!



Joe, is this flooded city a foreshadow of the perils of Global Warming?

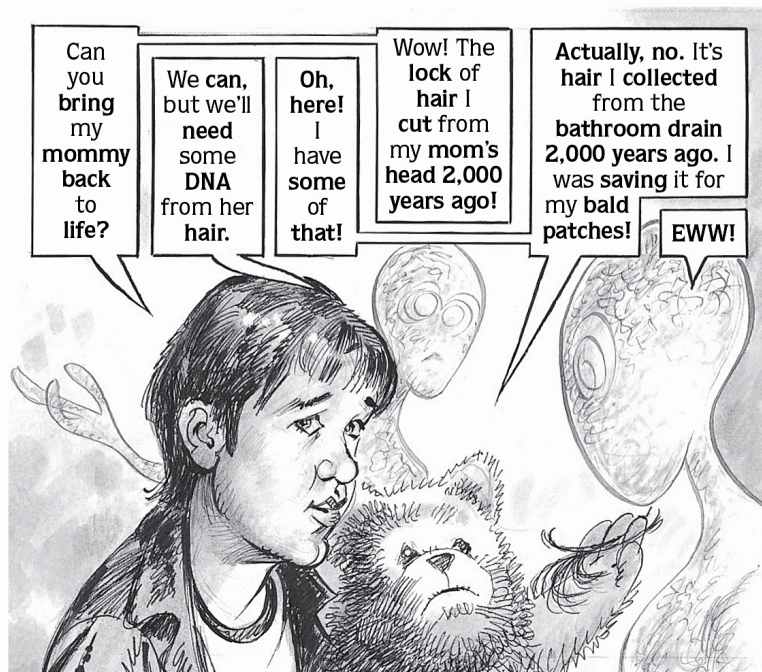
No, it's a fore-shadow of what awaits New York City if they don't fix those centuries old, rotting water pipes under the streets!

I can see Coney Island, and the Blue Fairy!

Coney Island? I could have sworn we were underwater in Manhattan! Must be the fiercest tides since *The Perfect Storm* to move an entire amusement park here!



DaveNocchio prayed for the Blue Fairy to turn him into a real boy until all the fish died and the ocean froze over. And the audience prayed they would get out before they too died. What seemed like 2,000 years passed, for those on the screen, and those watching the screen. Finally his prayer was heard by weird robots of the future, who looked liked beings that we've had "close encounters" with before!



Can you bring my mommy back to life?

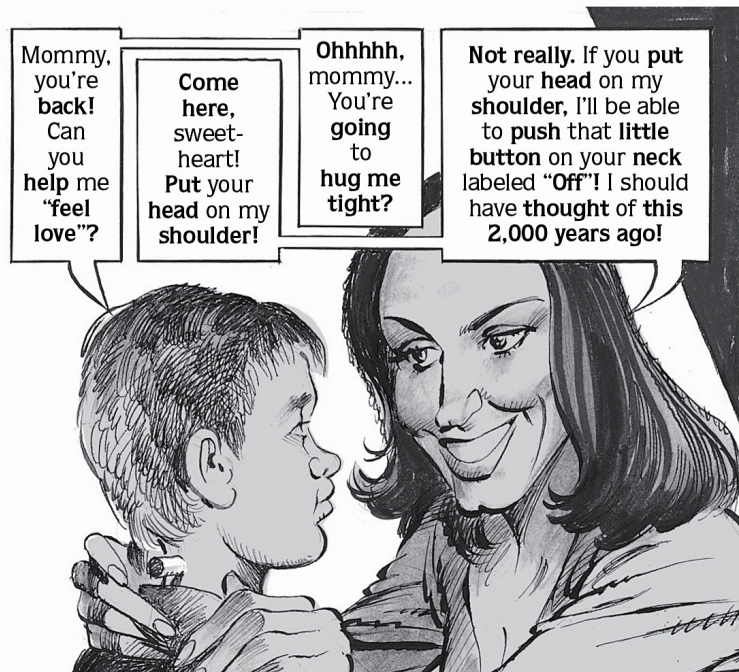
We can, but we'll need some DNA from her hair.

Oh, here! I have some of that!

Wow! The lock of hair I cut from my mom's head 2,000 years ago!

Actually, no. It's hair I collected from the bathroom drain 2,000 years ago. I was saving it for my bald patches!

EWW!



Mommy, you're back! Can you help me "feel love"?

Come here, sweetheart! Put your head on my shoulder!

Ohhhhh, mommy... You're going to hug me tight?

Not really. If you put your head on my shoulder, I'll be able to push that little button on your neck labeled "Off"! I should have thought of this 2,000 years ago!





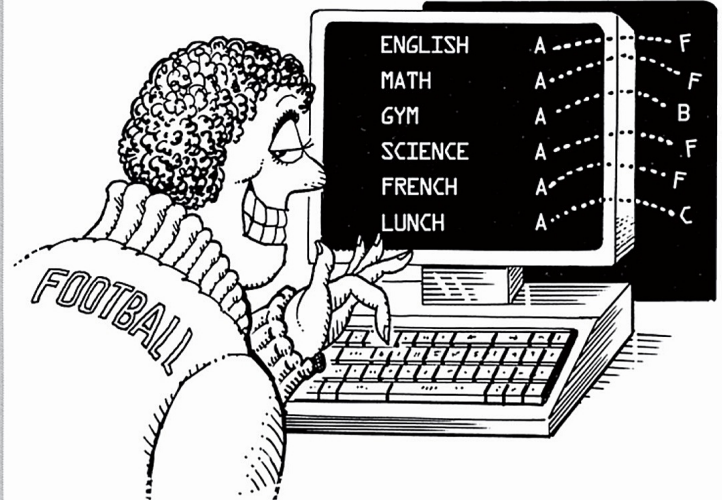
SPECIAL COMPUTER SECTION STARTS HERE!!

# THE MAD COMPUTER PRIMER



WRITER JOHN BONI ARTIST AL JAFFEE

## CHAPTER ONE



See the *computer expert*!

He spends *all his time* at his computer.

He doesn't spend *any time* studying.

He can't do *math*.

He can barely *read*.

He thinks Huckleberry Finn is a new *ice cream flavor*.

Yet he gets *straight "A's"* in *all his courses*.

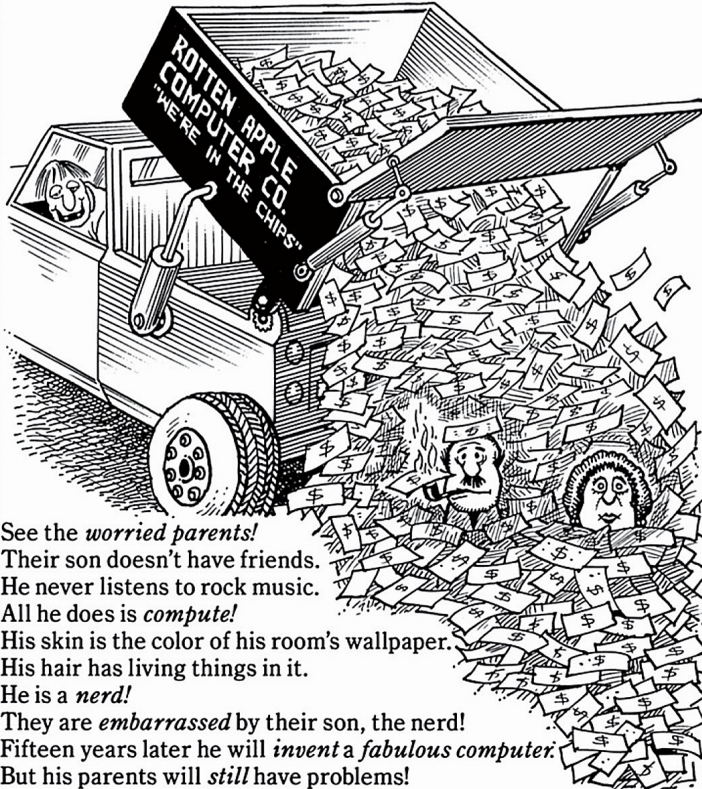
How does he do this?

Because of his *expertise* with the *computer*?

*Yes*—but not the way *you think*!

He doesn't have to learn his *subjects*. He's learned something *more important*! Mainly, how to *change his grades* by tapping into the *school's computer*!

## CHAPTER FOUR



See the *worried parents*!

Their son doesn't have *friends*.

He never listens to *rock music*.

All he does is *compute*!

His skin is the color of his room's *wallpaper*.

His hair has *living things* in it.

He is a *nerd*!

They are *embarrassed* by their son, the *nerd*!

Fifteen years later he will *invent a fabulous computer*.

But his parents will *still* have problems!

Because their son will still be a *nerd*?

*No!* Because they'll still have problems *spending all the money* his company makes!

## CHAPTER FIVE



See the *novelist* at work on his *word processor*!

See his *faithful dog*, Fang.

The novelist is *struggling* to write a *difficult chapter*.

Fang is *struggling* through the *computer cord*.

The novelist finally completes the *difficult chapter*.

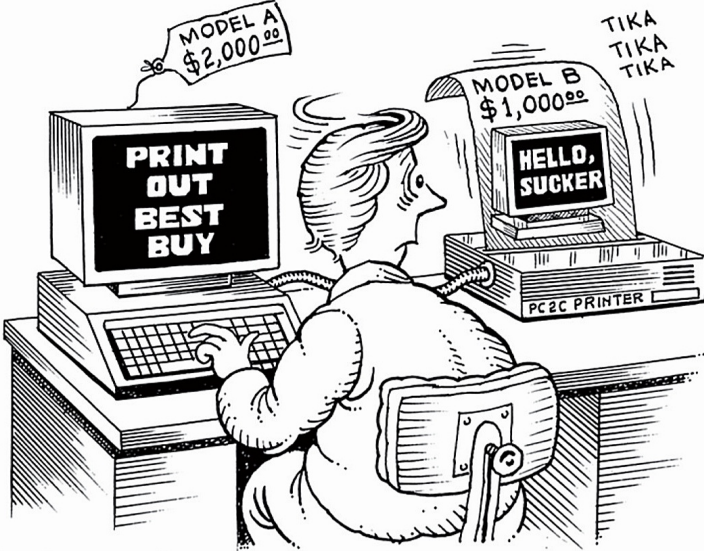
Fang finally bites through the *computer cord*.

The novelist's *difficult chapter disappears forever*!

So does his *faithful dog*, Fang!

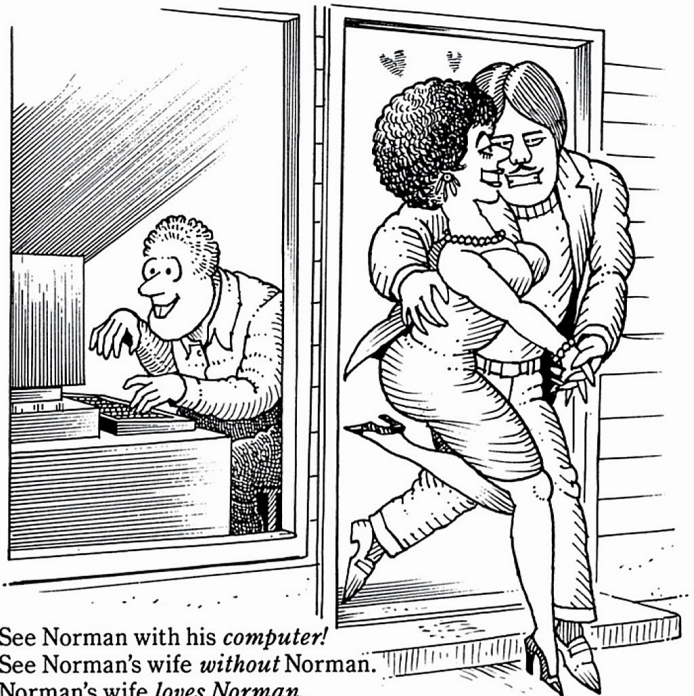


## CHAPTER TWO



See the *comparison shopper* buying a computer!  
 He made phone calls.  
 He talked to friends.  
 He analyzed the specifications.  
 He made an intelligent selection.  
 He only spent two thousand dollars.  
 The day after he bought his computer, the company came  
 out with a *new model!*  
*Twice as powerful!*  
*Half the price!*  
 See the comparison shopper *comparison shopping again.*  
 This time for a *stomach specialist* to help him with his *ulcer!*

## CHAPTER THREE



See Norman with his *computer*!

See Norman's wife *without* Norman.

Norman's wife *loves* Norman.

She *doesn't love* his *computer*.


Norman spent *more time* with his *computer* than with his *wife*.

They fought about it a lot.

Then the problem was *solved*.

Norman's wife learned to *love computers* too.

Through a *computer dating service*, she found herself a great *boyfriend*!

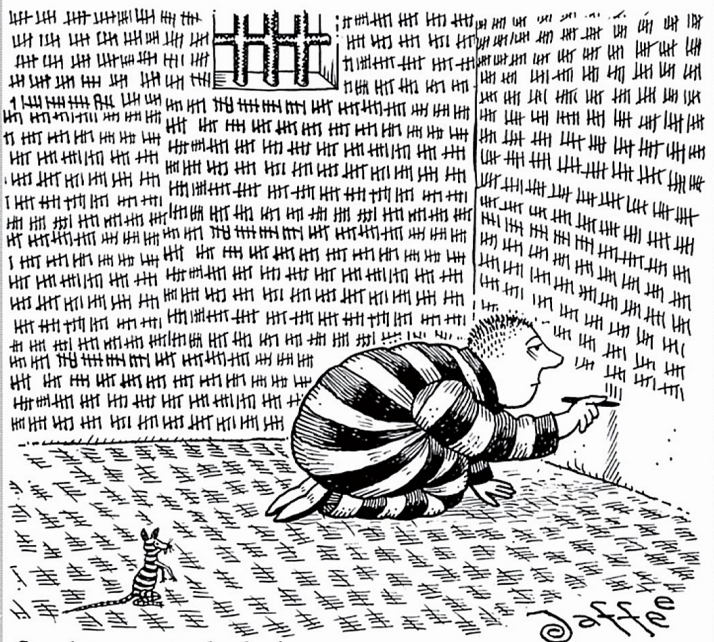


## CHAPTER SIX



See the *home computer*!  
 It only costs seven hundred dollars.  
 See the man who has withdrawn seven hundred dollars from his bank  
     to *buy that computer*.  
 Then he learned that price doesn't include the printer.  
 Nor does it include the printer paper.  
 It doesn't include the ribbons.  
 Or the connector cable.  
 Ditto the monitor, the software, the disks,  
     the dust cover, or the surge suppressor.  
 It doesn't include two hours instruction.  
 All that *extra stuff costs extra*.  
 See the man at the *bank*.  
 He's quickly becoming a *computer expert*!  
 With the *home computer* he bought?  
*No*, with the *bank computer* he uses to make all his *withdrawals*!

## CHAPTER SEVEN



See the *computer hacker*!  
 He had *fun* tapping into banks, schools and data bases.  
 He had *fun* changing things around.  
 He had *fun* changing some patient's *prescription* in a *hospital*  
*computer* and sent the patient into a *coma*.  
 Now the hacker's having fun in *prison*!  
 How come?  
 He's still *computing*! How many days are there in a *ninety year*  
*sentence*!?





Ah, the holidays. The anticipation, the jubilation, the family relations, and now the humiliation. Yes, the Christmas card featuring the whole fam wearing the same merry pajamas has (unfortunately) become quite the trend. But look behind the smiles and into the minds of those festive faces and you'll find...



Seven months, two weeks, three days, and six and a half hours until I move into my dorm and out of this temple of mortification.



I wonder how quickly these stupid pajamas would burst into flames if my sister lit one of her bowls right now?



This is so unfair. I cannot believe they are keeping my phone until we are done with pictures! It's like a prison in this house, seriously. I'm sure baby Jesus wouldn't steal my phone!



Tonight I pee directly on Mom's pillow.

# WHAT LIES THE MATCHING HOLIDAY P





# S BEHIND NG~JAMMIES PORTRAIT!



She promised to do  
the thing she hates to do. She  
promised to do the thing she hates  
to do. She promised to do the  
thing she hates to do.  
She promised...



Oh my god.  
I am so stoned. This was a  
bad idea. I am so intensely aware  
of the abomination I am involved in  
here. Oh my god, my gum isn't in my  
mouth anymore. Wait, I think  
I swallowed my teeth...



I really think the kids are  
enjoying this! It's going to be  
thee sweetest card ever. And  
Ted is such a pushover! He's still  
waiting for me to do that thing  
I said I'd do when I had him get  
rid of the paneling in the  
basement! What smells like  
skunk in here?!



Seventeen years, two  
weeks, three days, and six and  
a half hours until I move into  
my dorm — if they have any  
money left.







# Where *Not* to Go on Your WINTER



## DRIPLEY'S BELIEVABLE MUSEUM

Springfield, Missouri

Prepare to **not** be amazed as you see a life-sized replica of a cat born with four legs and one head, a photo of a rock shaped exactly like a stone, and much, much more.

There's also a small auditorium where you can watch films about non-incredible people, such as the man who memorized his entire phone number. The gift shop sells many ordinary items, including a T-shirt with the museum's slogan, "You Will Believe." Well, we can't argue with that.

## THE SUPERMARKET EXPERIENCE

Henderson, Nevada

This interactive, 3-D attraction puts visitors in a modern retail food setting, where they push metal carts through aisles displaying products that can be held, examined, and even purchased! Okay, it's really just a plain, boring supermarket, except this one charges you \$7.50 to get in.



## BROCCO-FEST

Happy Valley, Oregon

Every year, this festival pays tribute to the world's least-favorite vegetable. Visit over 50 booths run by folks who have nothing better to do than make stuff out of broccoli. You can try broccoli pie, broccoli ice cream, even broccoli dog food.

Also, each year, they honor a young lady as "Miss Brocco-Fest," and you really don't want to see her. The festival mails out color brochures every January, so if you get one in the mail, do not let your parents see it.





# BREAK VACATION

WRITER **JEFF KRUSE**  
ARTIST **BOB STAAKE**



## THE DINO PITS

**Watonga, Oklahoma**

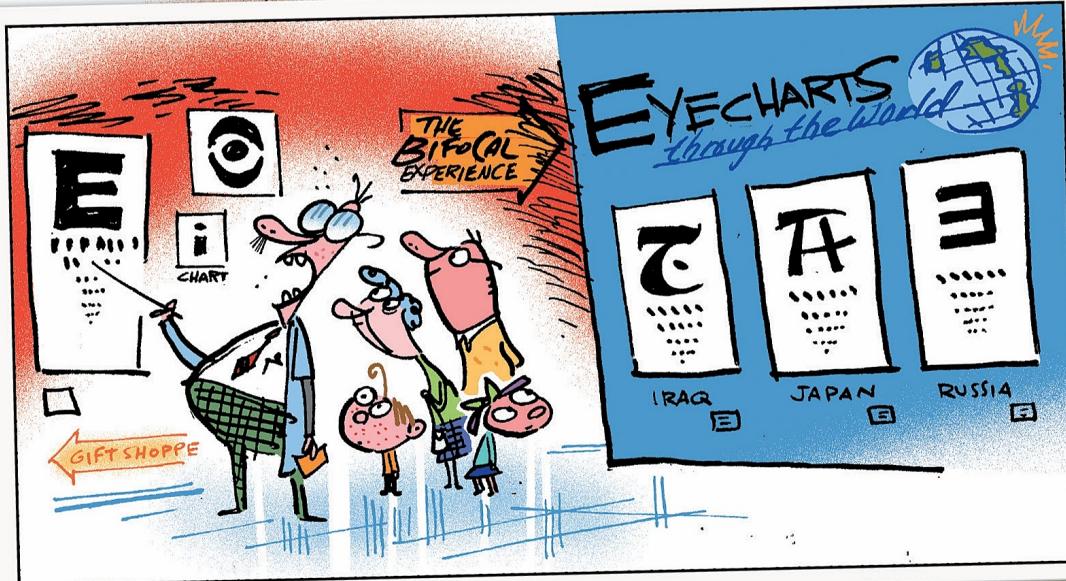
The Dino Pits were formed long, long ago, in 2003, when a truck carrying stuffed toy dinosaurs crashed into a truck carrying maple syrup. There's no cool T-Rex bones or bubbling tar, just a big, sticky mess on the side of the road. You might enjoy this spot if you like flies, however. There's lots of those.

## OPTOMETRIST LAND

**Akron, OH**

A theme park devoted to those guys who make you read eye charts? Yes! Tour guides dressed as optometrists lead visitors on a tour of current and antique eye charts. A newly-opened wing spotlights eye charts from around the world.

Park guests may take the tour twice—once with their left eye closed and once with their right eye closed. The gift shop only sells eyeglass frames, lenses and contact lenses, but when you make your choice, you have to wait about an hour.



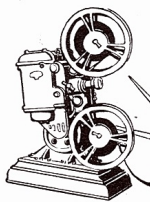
## TAPWATER WORLD

**Ocean Beach, Florida**

Voted "The Least-Exciting Water Park in North America," Tapwater World actually brags about having "the world's shortest water slides." All of them are about six feet long, don't twist around, and end up in a small ditch filled with tapwater (that's where the name comes from). Our advice: stay home and take a long soak in your tub — you'll have just as much fun.



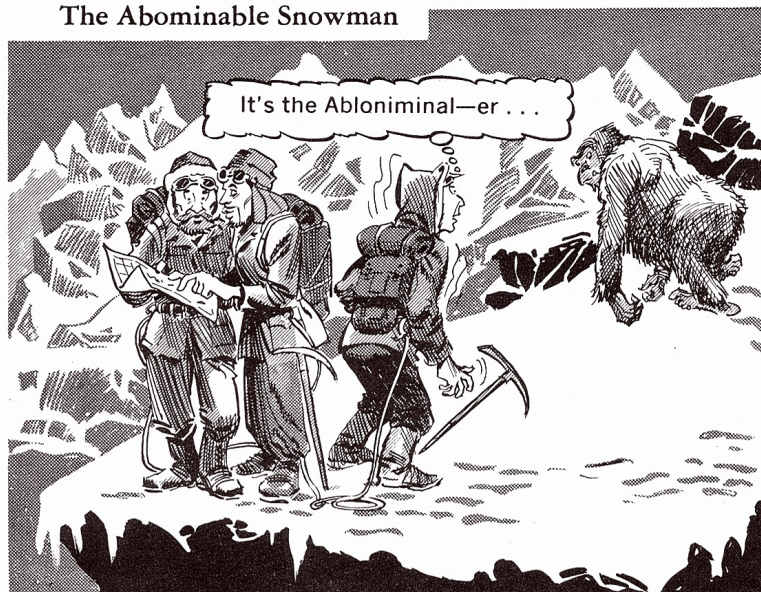




FREEZE FRAME DEPT.

# Scenes We'd Like to See

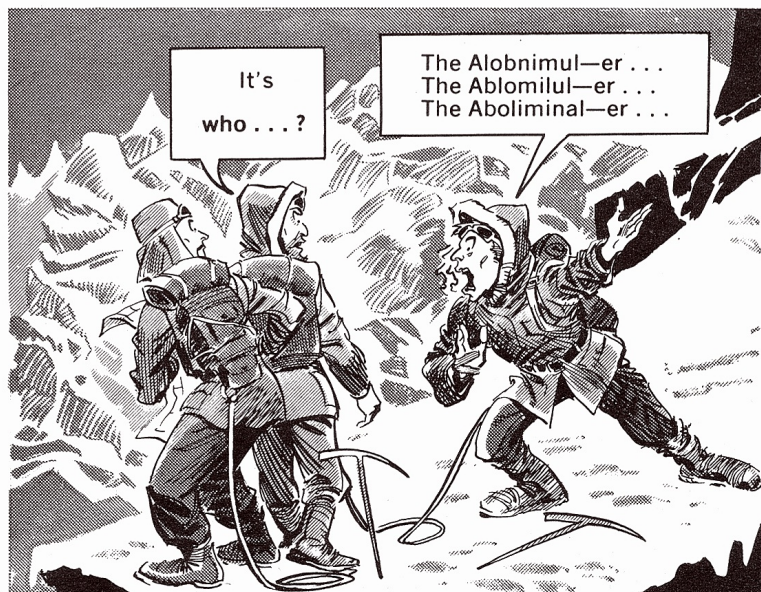
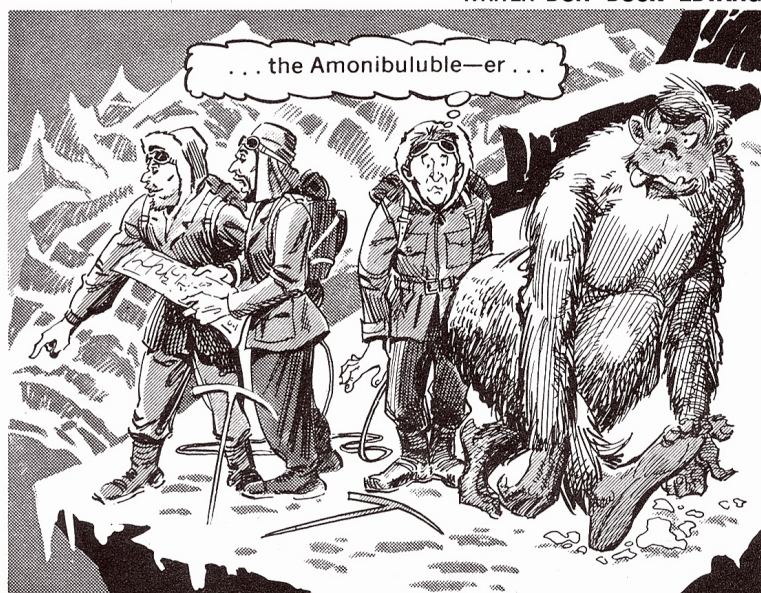
## The Abominable Snowman



WRITER DON "DUCK" EDWING



ARTIST JOE ORLANDO



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #70, APR 1962



Joe Orlando





In 1897, Marconi invented the first wireless radio, which enabled man to transmit his voice across space . . . while Sidney L. Kvetch was clearing his snow-covered walk with a shovel.



In 1923, V. K. Zworykin invented the image iconoscope, which enabled man to transmit pictures across space—while Sidney L. Kvetch Jr. cleared his snow-covered walk with a shovel.



In 1961, Wernher Von Braun developed a missile program which enabled man to transmit himself across space—while Sidney L. Kvetch III cleared his snow-covered walk with a shovel.



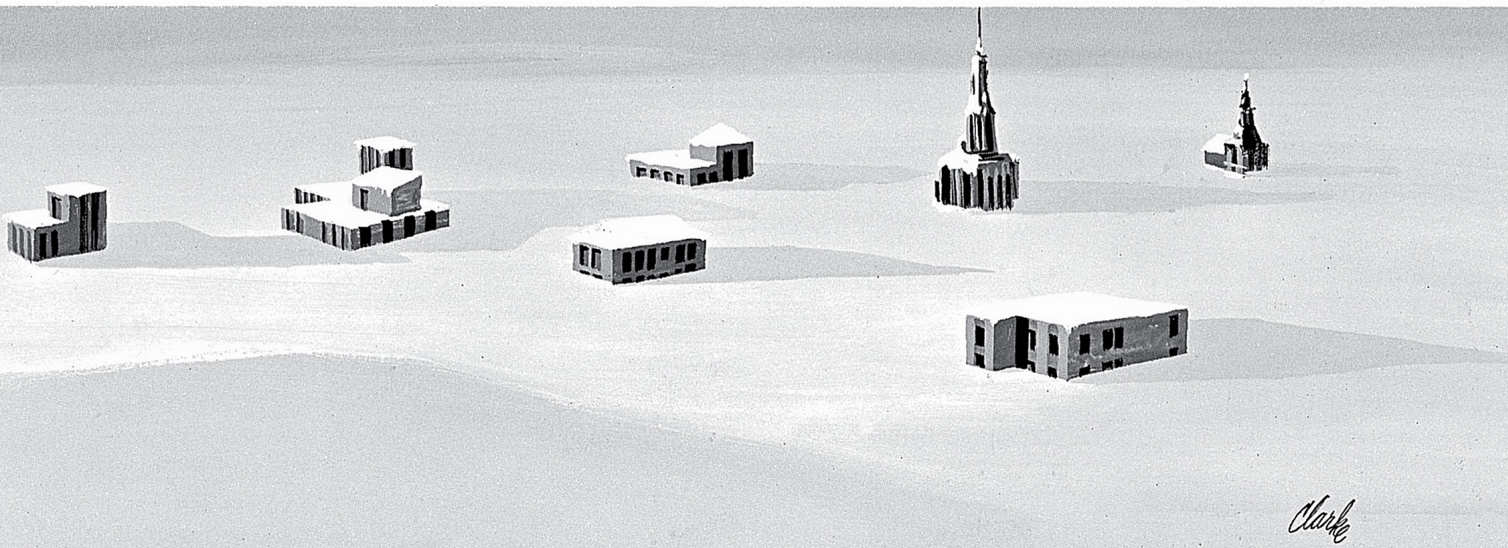
**THIS IS KNOWN AS PROGRESS!**

Nowadays, the only people who enjoy snowfalls are children, poets and nuts. The rest of us find it a drag. Northern communities suffer most because snow snarls traffic, wrecks business, and fills the streets with dirty wet slop. And how do we remove snow in this modern space age? Why, with that ingenious device, of course—the man with the shovel! Actually, this method succeeds in removing more people than snow, when you consider the number of heart attacks suffered by shovelers. However, there are great humanitarians hard at work solving this problem . . . recognizing that there's plenty of dough to be made if they can come up with an invention which would be the answer to—

# ***MORE EFFICIENT SNOW REMOVAL***

WRITER **AL JAFFEE** ARTIST **BOB CLARKE**

**HEAVY SNOWFALLS PARALYZE MODERN LIFE**



**TYPICAL LITTLE TOWN PARALYZED BY SNOW:** Although this typical little town looks picturesque and peaceful under

its blanket of snow, it is actually in terrible shape . . . mainly because this typical little town is New York City!

*Clarke*



# HOW HEAVY SNOWS PARALYZE

## PARALYZED TRAFFIC



City traffic, locked in by snow, cannot budge. Of course, it cannot budge in summer either, but at least there are pretty girls in clinging dresses to watch while waiting.

## PARALYZED CONSUMER TRADE

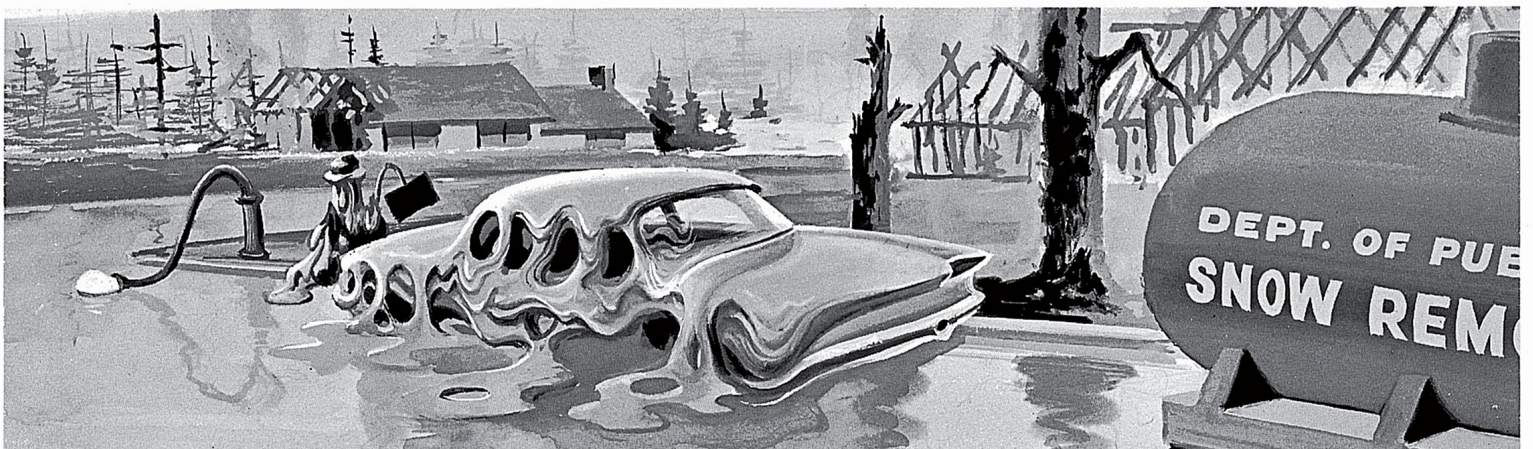


Naturally, retail businessmen suffer acutely during snow, except for a few opportunists who do well. Paralysis sets in when consumer hears prices of needed shovel, salt, etc.

## SUGGESTED SOLUTIONS TO MODERN SCIENCE HAS COME UP MECHANICAL SNOW MELTING PROCESS



This suggested solution involves a special machine which is mounted on a truck and shoots a jet stream of hot air at the snow. Of course, this jet stream must be quite hot, otherwise winter temperatures would render it ineffective.



Unfortunately, there are several drawbacks to this idea. First of all, if the jet stream of air is hot enough, it melts more than just the snow. Secondly, the melted snow soon freezes over again, locking everything in solid ice.



# E MODERN LIFE IN THE CITY

## PARALYZED COMMUTERS



Commuters in stalled trains are in real trouble. Hunger, coughing, tardiness are annoying. But real trouble comes from paralysis which sets in when heating systems fail.

## PARALYZED PEDESTRIANS

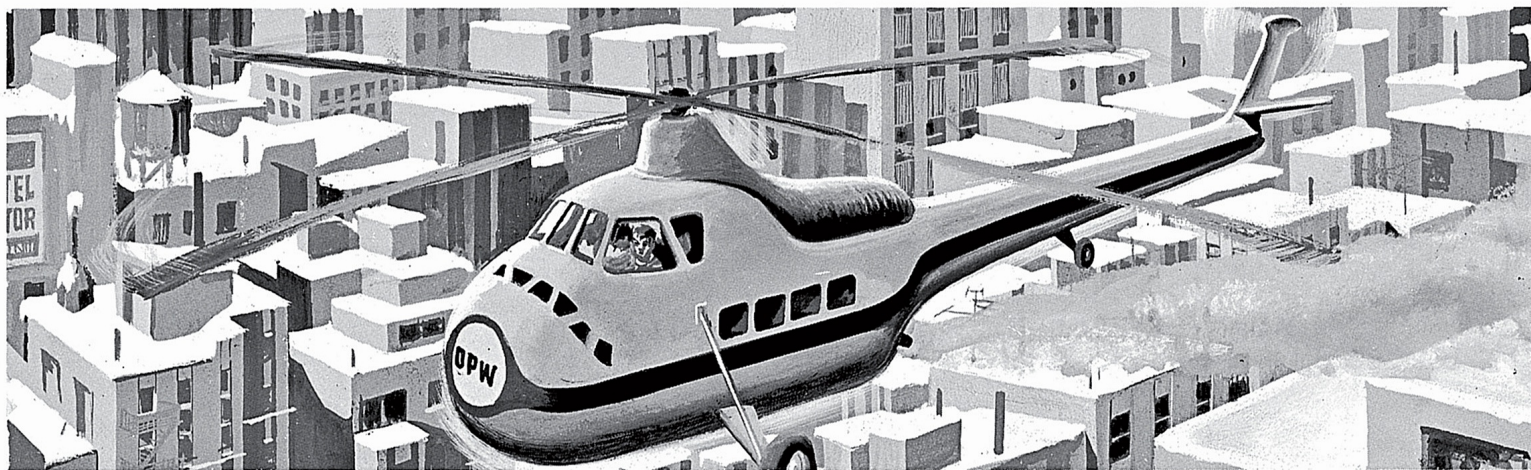


Frigid weather accompanying snow forces many pedestrians to seek shelter and warming drink. Paralysis sets in when too many warming drinks turn pedestrians stiff as boards.

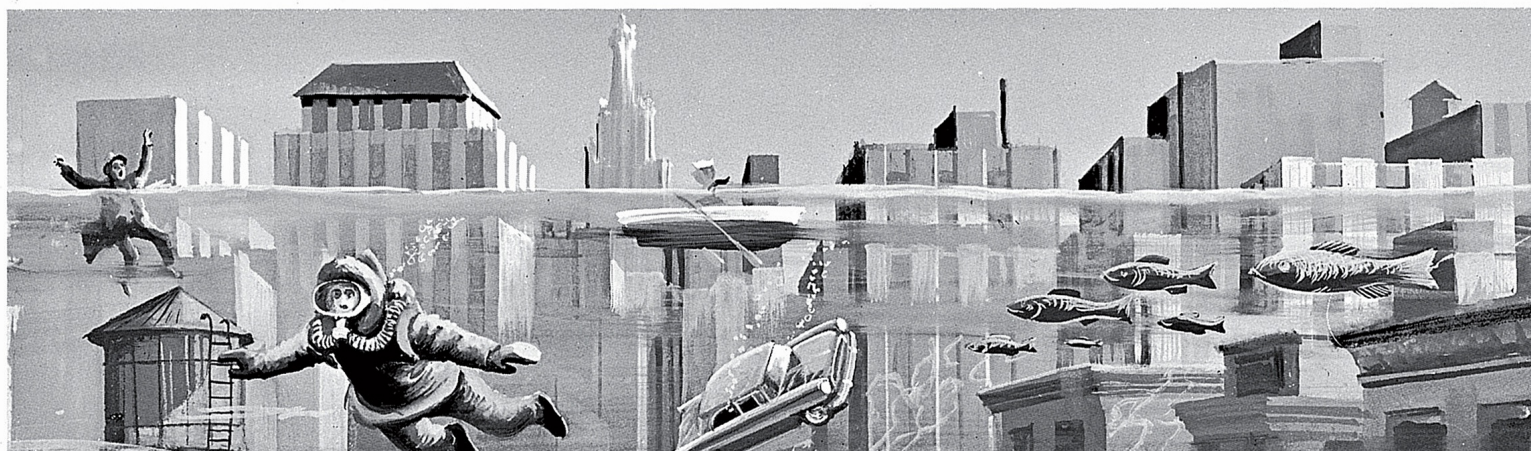
# SNOW REMOVAL PROBLEM

## WITH SOME POSSIBLE ANSWERS

### CHEMICAL SNOW MELTING PROCESS



This ingenious solution requires the use of helicopters which sprinkle the city with thousands of gallons of some specially-developed chemical that melts snow and does not permit it to freeze again. This solves the snow problem.



Unfortunately, it does not solve the water problem, since there is no sewer system yet devised capable of handling that much melted snow at one time. Obviously, the present solutions to the problem of snow removal are inadequate.



# MAD'S ULTIMATE SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM OF SNOW REMOVAL

THIS BRILLIANT IDEA IS OFFERED BY THE EDITORS—FREE—AS A PUBLIC SERVICE



*When Weather Bureau predicts imminent snowstorm, police, civil defense corps, etc., see to it that all city streets and sidewalks are immediately evacuated.*



*Thousands of dump trucks, previously chartered for just such an emergency, are then driven in and parked on every square inch of city streets and sidewalks.*

*When blizzard strikes and snow begins falling, it merely fills up the trucks. Then, after the storm passes, all they do is drive away and dump their loads.*







# FROSTY THE SNOWPERSON

Why have you made me emotionally capable of love, but not *physically* capable?

Well I wanted to give you a penis but he said you should be gender non-normative.

Would you like some nipples? *Everyone* has those.

WRITER & ARTIST JON ADAMS

No, I want arms that are strong enough to tip my hat to a passing woman.

I think if you take the magic hat off you die.

Can you shape me into something more realistic? Or at least capable of hugging?

Sure!

Hours later...

You call these *arms*? And look at the rest of me. What have you done?!

Too many cooks in the kitchen, I guess. We're not professional sculptors.

Some people would be grateful to be brought to life. If you're *that* dissatisfied, just wait until spring and you'll melt away.

That spring...

Help! It didn't work!

I'm still alive but now I'm just a puddle. *Hello?*

The End





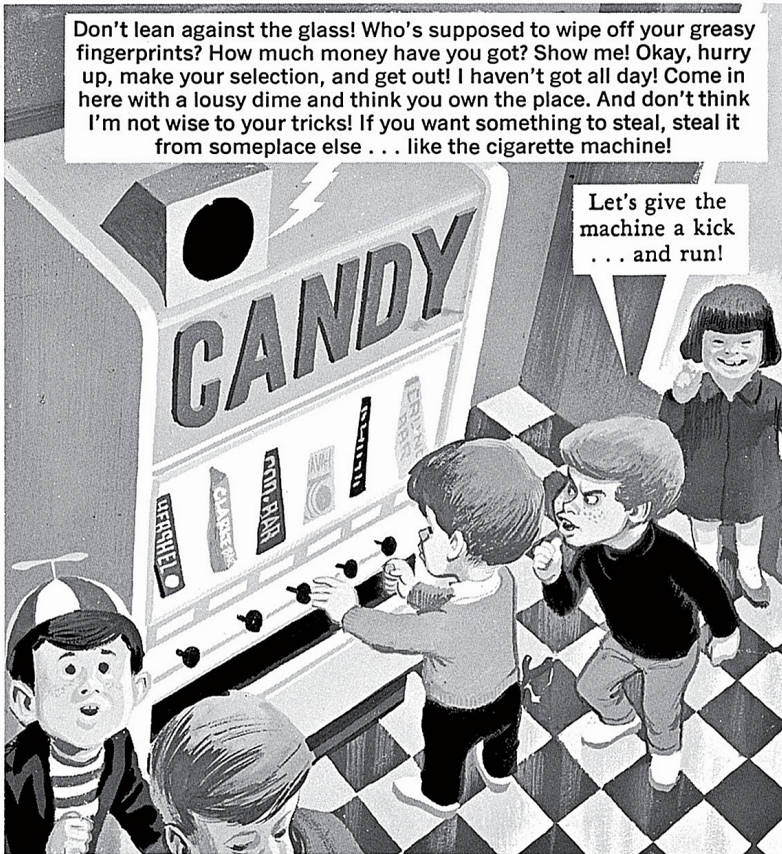
Hooray for the 20th century. Automation has made man obsolete. What service can a human being, the cool efficiency of modern automated machines, there seems to be something missing—mainly, the automatic self-service elevator, somehow we miss the dull conversation of the chatty elevator man

# LET'S *HUMANIZE* THOSE

## HUMANIZING THE CANDY MACHINE THAT HAS REPLACED THE COLORFUL CANDY STORE OWNER

Don't lean against the glass! Who's supposed to wipe off your greasy fingerprints? How much money have you got? Show me! Okay, hurry up, make your selection, and get out! I haven't got all day! Come in here with a lousy dime and think you own the place. And don't think I'm not wise to your tricks! If you want something to steal, steal it from someplace else . . . like the cigarette machine!

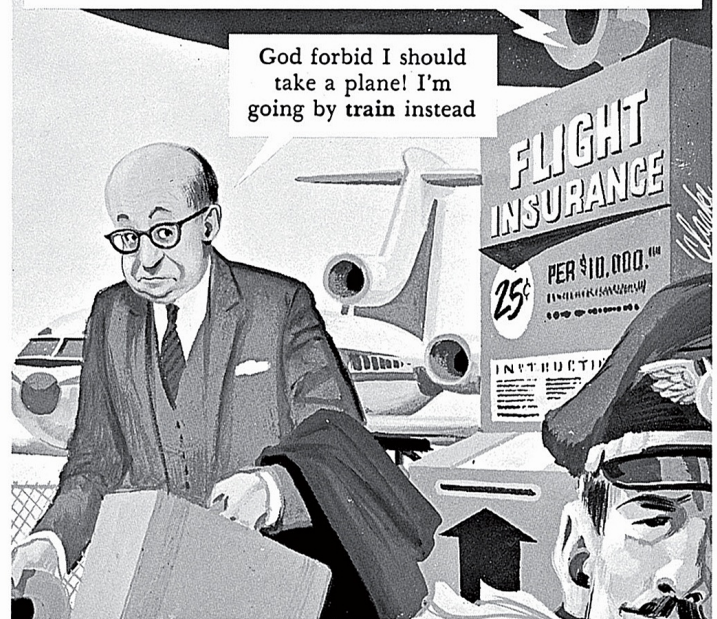
Let's give the machine a kick . . . and run!



## THE AIRPORT INSURANCE MACHINE THAT HAS REPLACED THE MAUDLIN INSURANCE AGENT

Congratulations! Obviously, you are a person who takes his responsibilities to his family seriously. If, God forbid, something should happen to you, your loved ones are now protected. And if, God forbid, something should happen to you, your children's college tuition will be provided. We must look upon insurance as a positive thing. No one knows what the future has in store. If, God forbid, something happened to you without insurance, how could you, God forbid, go someplace, God forbid, knowing that you had, God forbid, failed those who depend upon you?

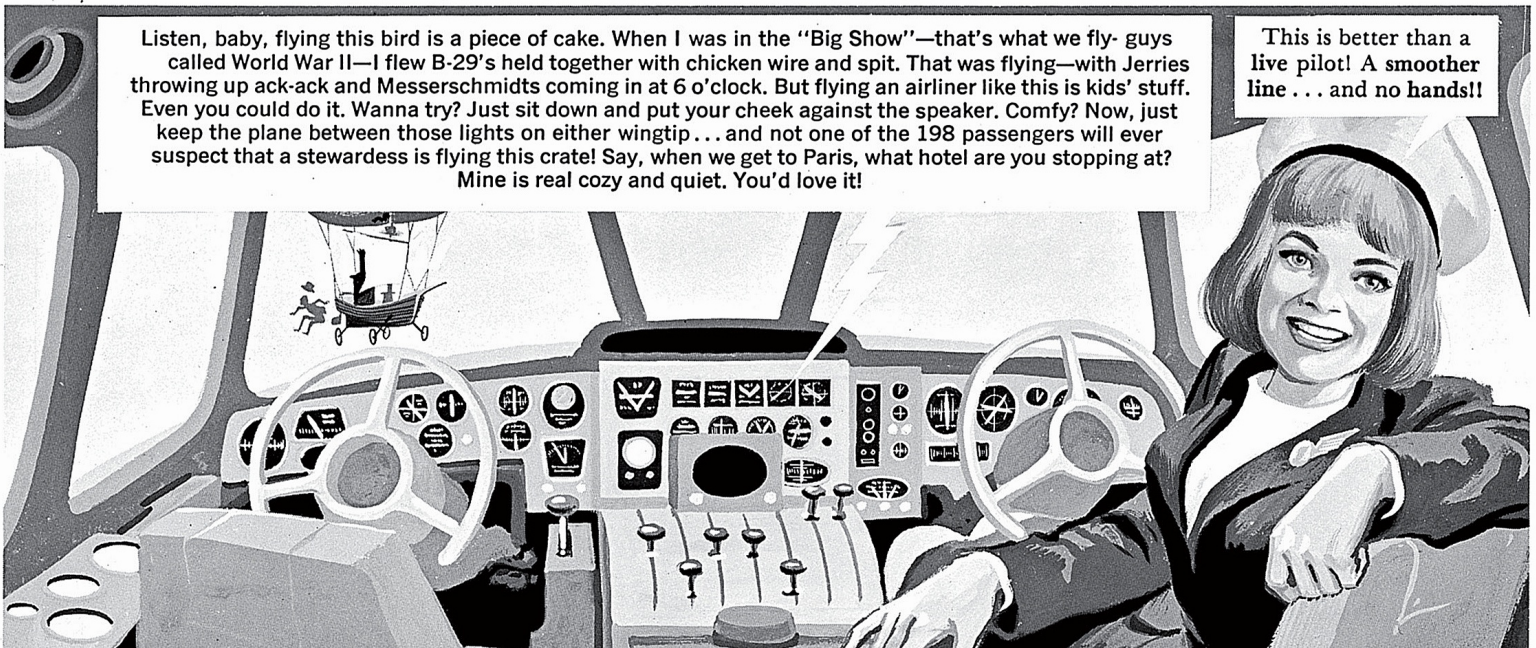
God forbid I should take a plane! I'm going by train instead



## HUMANIZING THE AUTOMATIC PILOT THAT REPLACES THE LIVE PILOT

Listen, baby, flying this bird is a piece of cake. When I was in the "Big Show"—that's what we fly- guys called World War II—I flew B-29's held together with chicken wire and spit. That was flying—with Jerries throwing up ack-ack and Messerschmidts coming in at 6 o'clock. But flying an airliner like this is kids' stuff. Even you could do it. Wanna try? Just sit down and put your cheek against the speaker. Comfy? Now, just keep the plane between those lights on either wingtip . . . and not one of the 198 passengers will ever suspect that a stewardess is flying this crate! Say, when we get to Paris, what hotel are you stopping at? Mine is real cozy and quiet. You'd love it!

This is better than a live pilot! A smoother line . . . and no hands!!





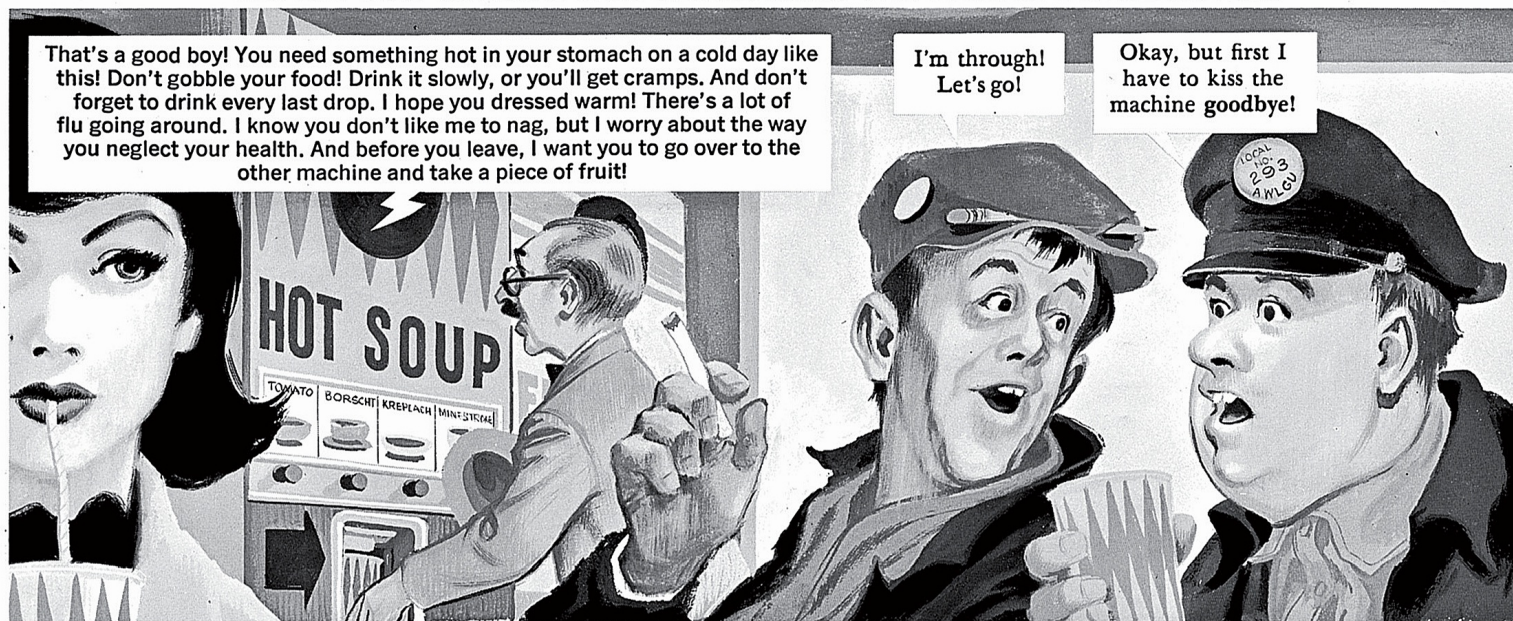
perform that can't be done better today by a machine (and don't get smutty, buster!)? But despite warmth and personality of the individual who once performed these services. When we step into an who once ran it. Why not bring all that back? F'rinstance, let's install tape recorders, and . . .



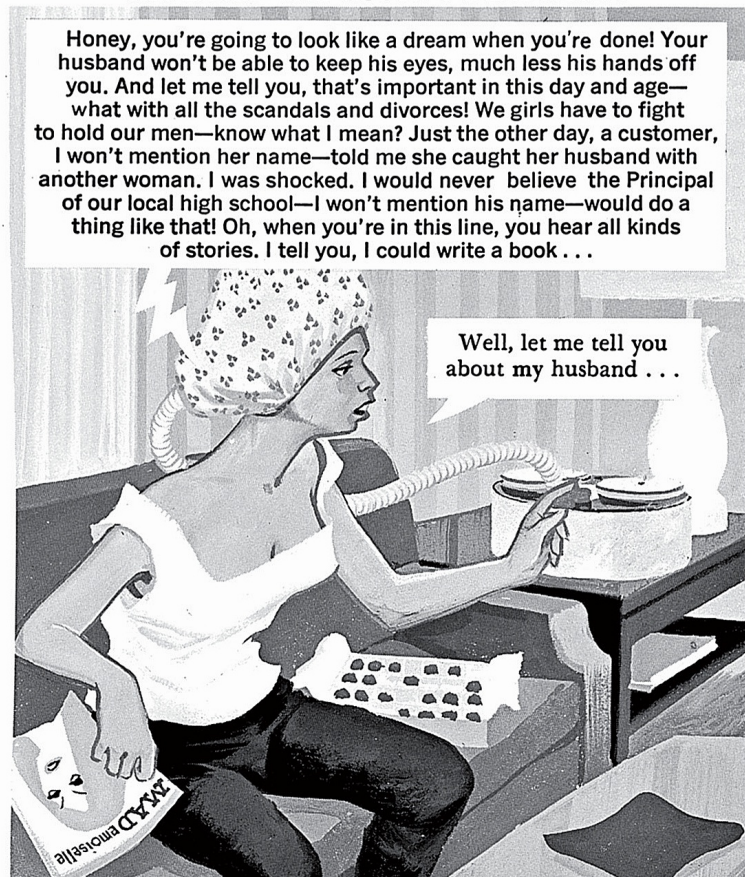
# SE AUTOMATED MACHINES

WRITER **STAN HART** ARTIST **BOB CLARKE**

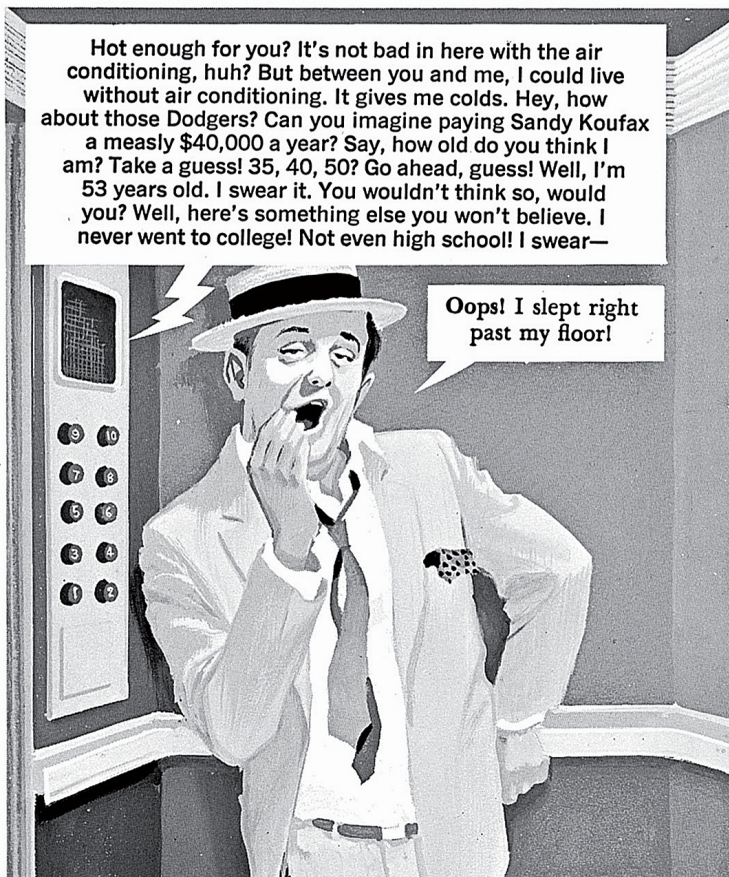
## THE HOT SOUP MACHINE THAT HAS REPLACED THE OVERPROTECTIVE MOTHER



## THE HOME HAIR DRYER THAT HAS REPLACED THE GOSSIPY BEAUTICIAN

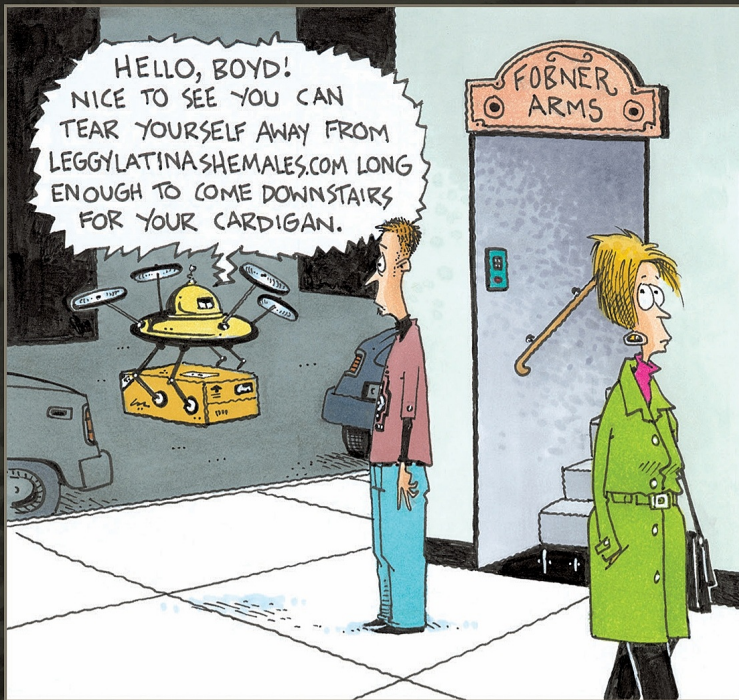


## THE SELF-SERVICE ELEVATOR THAT HAS REPLACED THE CHATTY ELEVATOR MAN

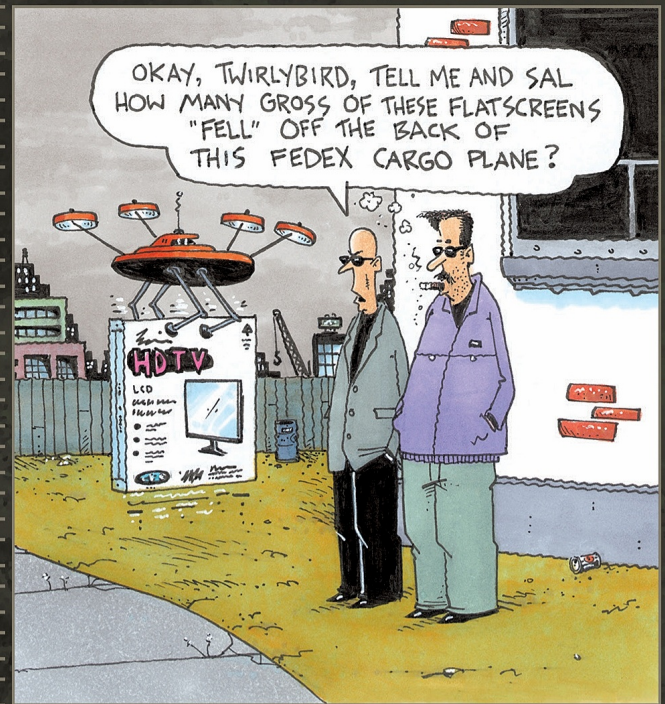


ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #99, DEC. 1965





It flaunts all the personal information that it's hacked into through your Amazon account



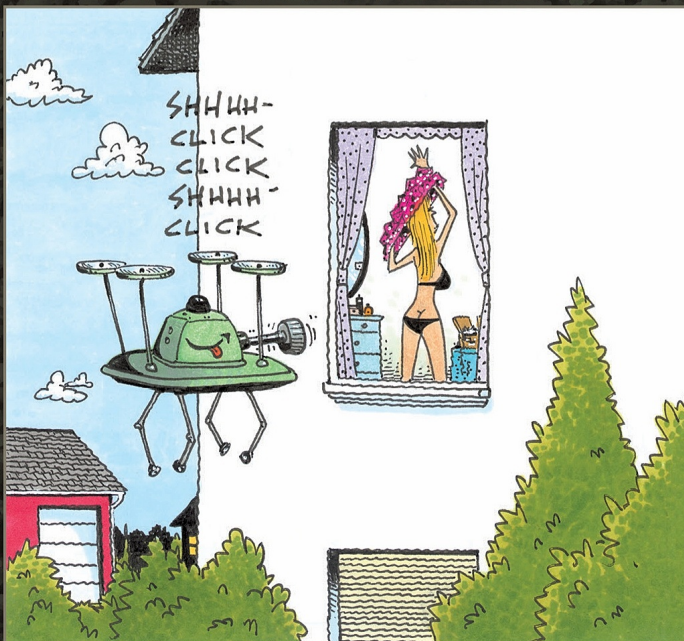
It runs a little black market operation on the side



#### SHIP HAPPENS DEPT.

Many years ago, John (Hammerhead) Caldwell began chronicling the vile deeds being perpetrated on that have come under Caldwell's unforgiving microscope. Today, only a fool would argue that

# WHEN DELIVERY



It sticks around for a while just to make sure that Victoria's Secret stuff fits okay



It cruelly bullies FedEx and UPS drivers

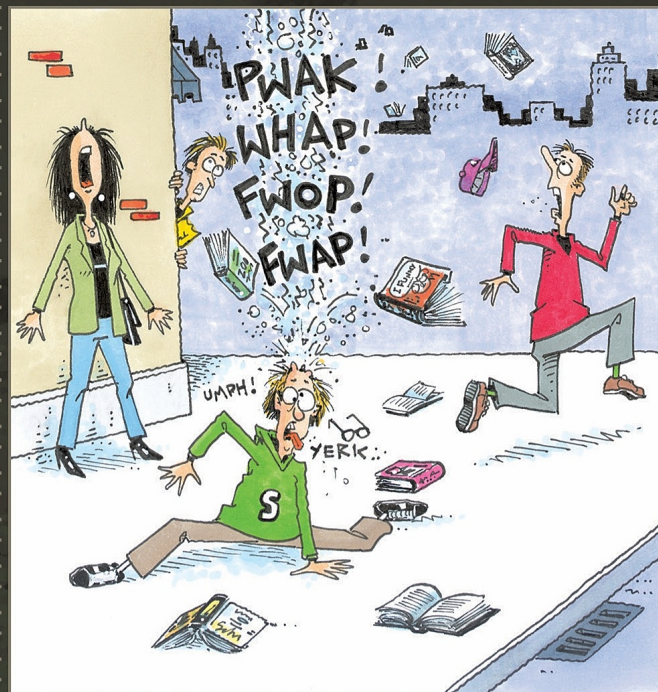




It makes highly inappropriate deliveries



unsuspecting good people by evil-doers. Priests, veterinarians and tattoo artists are just some of the groups the man isn't doing God's work. But more work remains, and the struggle continues. All hail Mr. Caldwell!



The number of random James Patterson assaults will skyrocket

# DROPPES GO BAD

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #527, JUN 2014



Can you say "Gratuity Shakedowns"?



It screws with the coordinates just to make deliveries more interesting



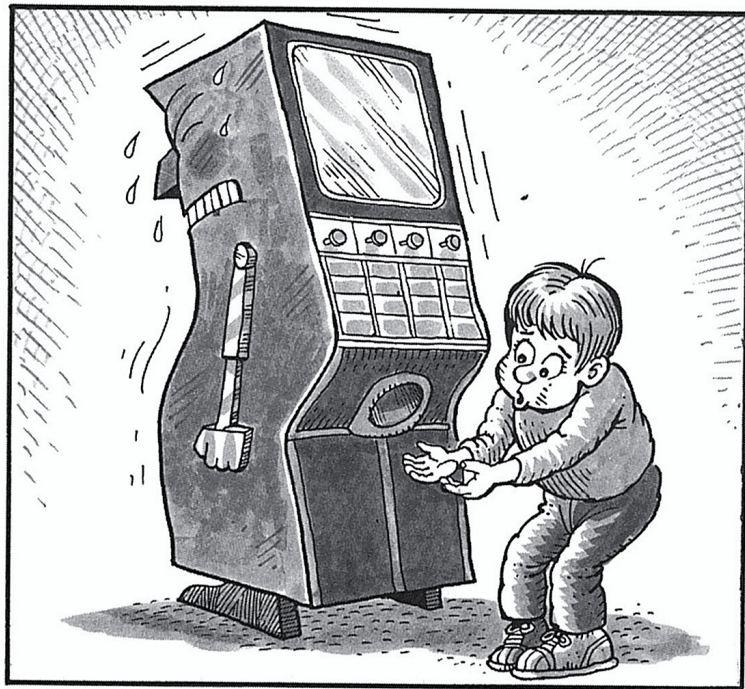


COMPUTER VIRUS CRIPPLES  
MILITARY DATA NETWORK

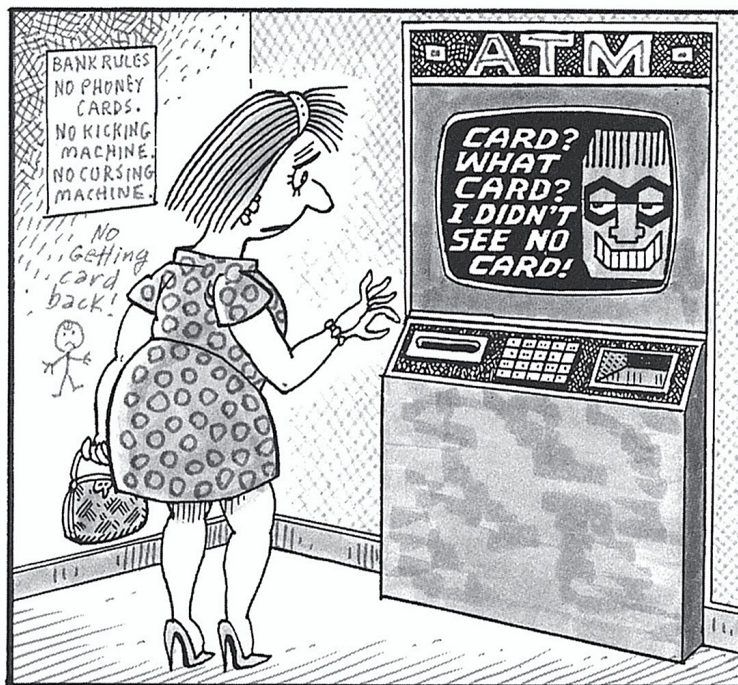
SHUTTLE WOES BLAMED  
ON SOFTWARE BUGS

*"Computer Virus?" "Software Bug?" No surprise to us! We've known all along that machines are susceptible to the same diseases we humans are! In fact, although the computer ailments have been getting all the publicity, there are all sorts of poor, sick, mechanical devices out there, that are suffering from...*

# OTHER OF THE MACH



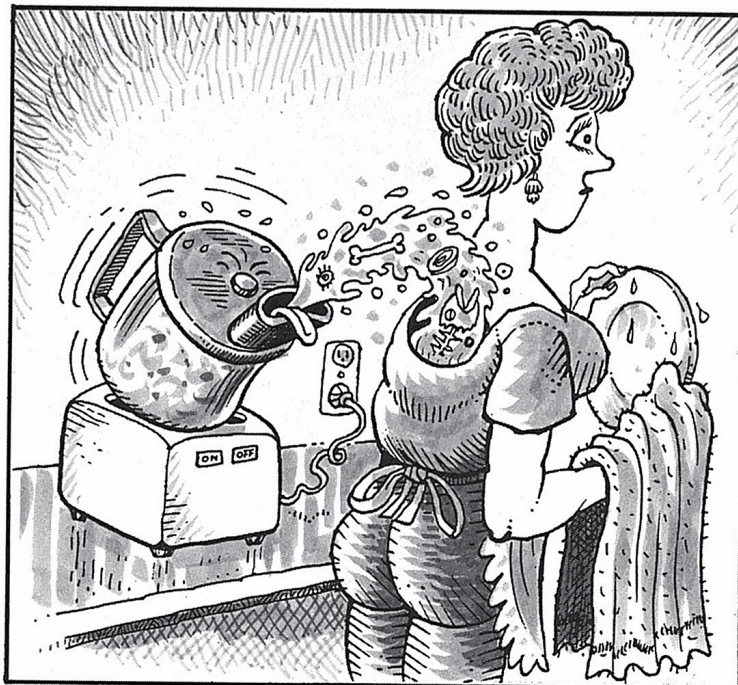
Vending Machine **CONSTIPATION**



Automated Teller **KLEPTOMANIA**



Fast-Food Intercom **LARYNGITIS**



Food Processor **NAUSEA**

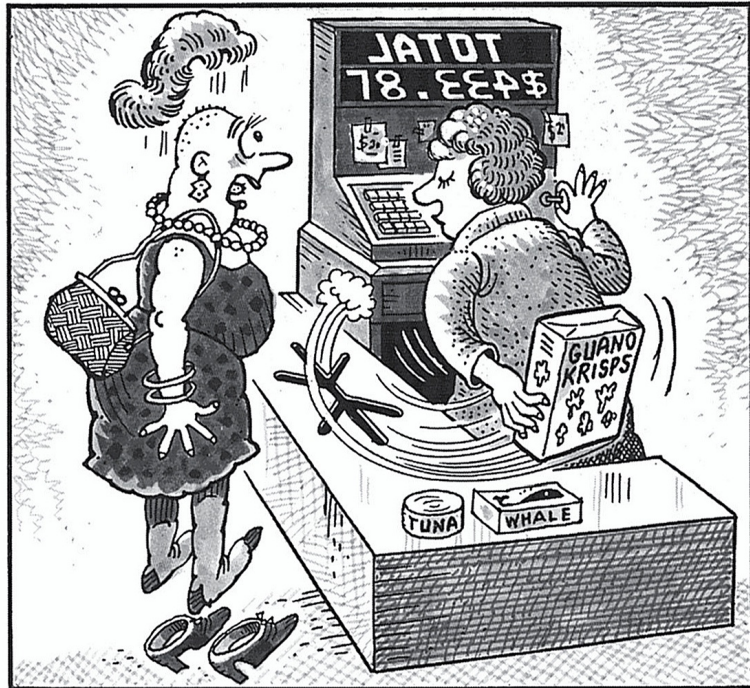


# "DISEASES" FINE WORLD

WRITER MIKE SNIDER ARTIST AL JAFFEE



Slurpee Machine **DIARRHEA**



Bar-Code Scanner **DYSLEXIA**

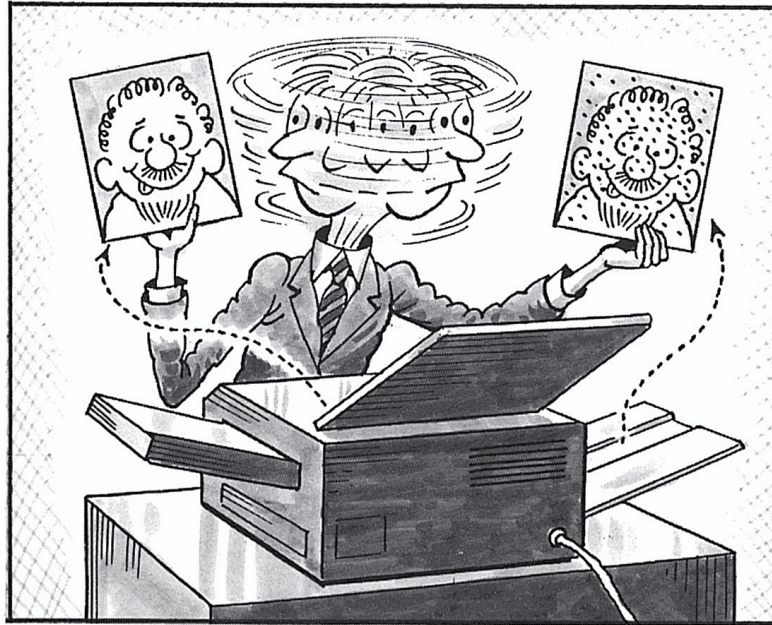


Electric Can Opener **TRENCHMOUTH**

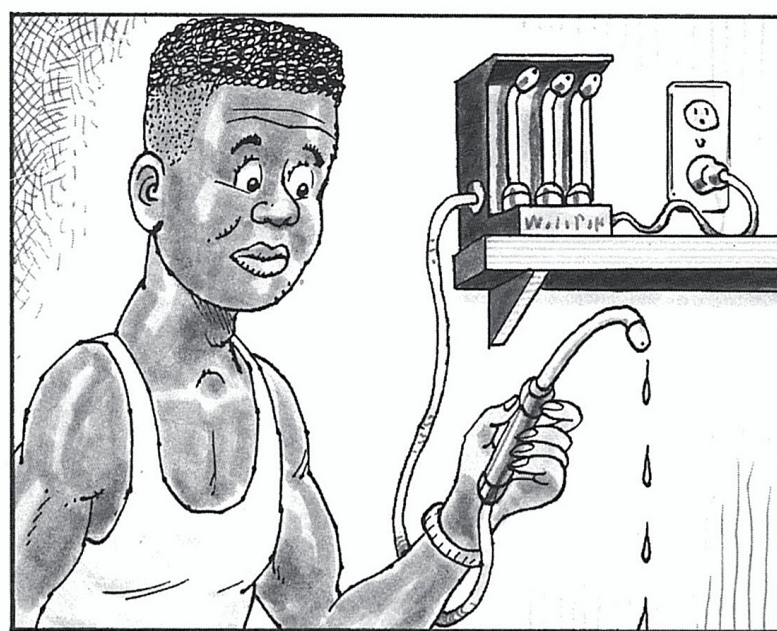


Airport Metal Detector **HALLUCINATIONS**

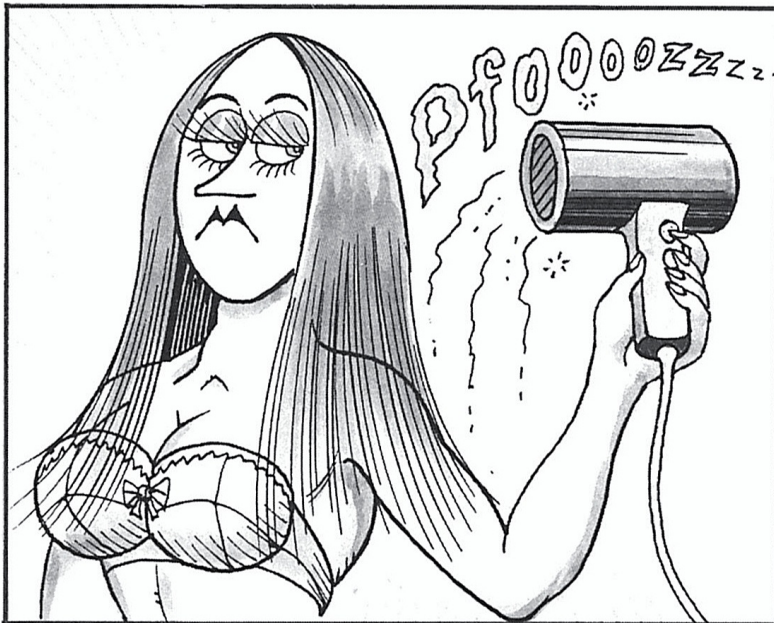




Copy Machine **MEASLES**



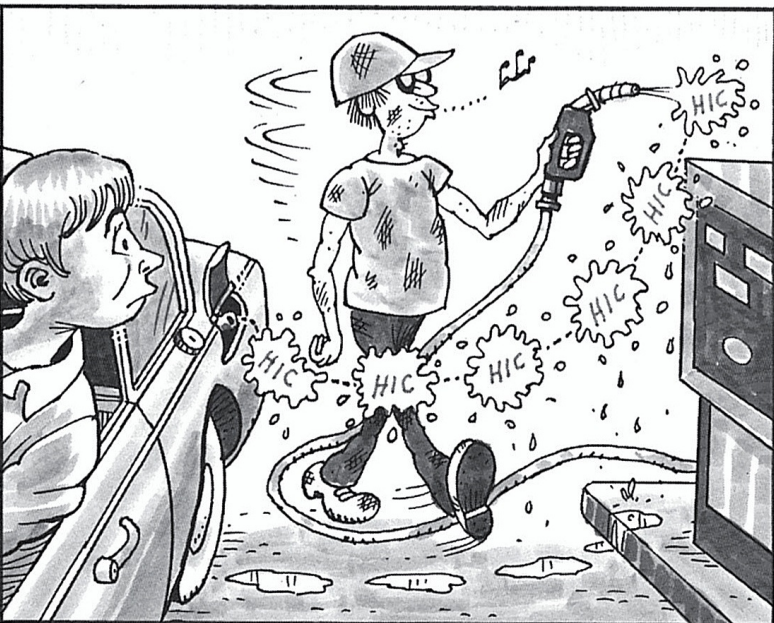
Water Pic **IMPOTENCE**



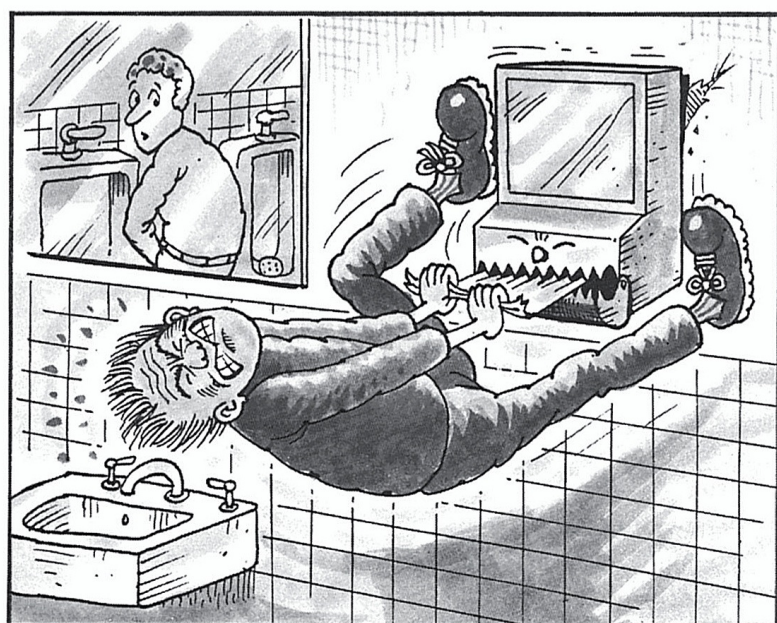
Hair Dryer **EMPHYSEMA**



Air Conditioner **INCONTINENCE**



Gas Pump Nozzle **HICCUPS**



Bathroom Towel Dispenser **LOCKJAW**

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #309, MAR 1992





Technological innovations drive efficiency and economic growth, often by sending obsolete tools to the dump. Once-ubiquitous items like pay phones, cassette players, and typewriters are now mainly kept by collectors, hoarders, and hipsters (if at all). We sure hope humans won't join these remnants of a bygone era, but only...

# IF WISHES WERE HORSES

WRITER & ARTIST IVAN EHLERS

When I was **your** age, my grandpappy said **everybody** owned a horse...

...then **cars** came along and horses went from **indispensable** to **obsolete** and **irrelevant**.

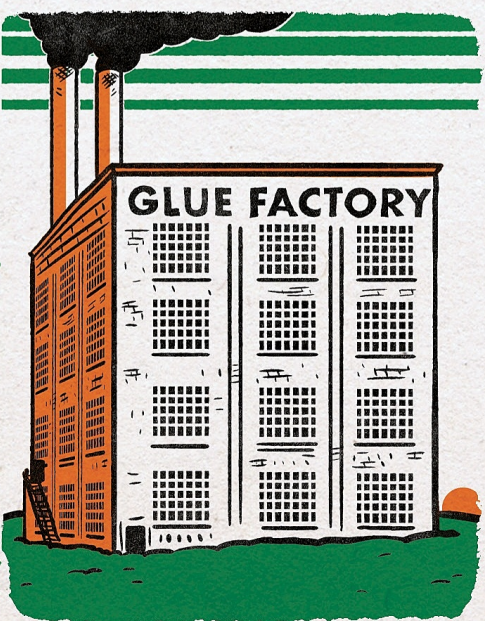
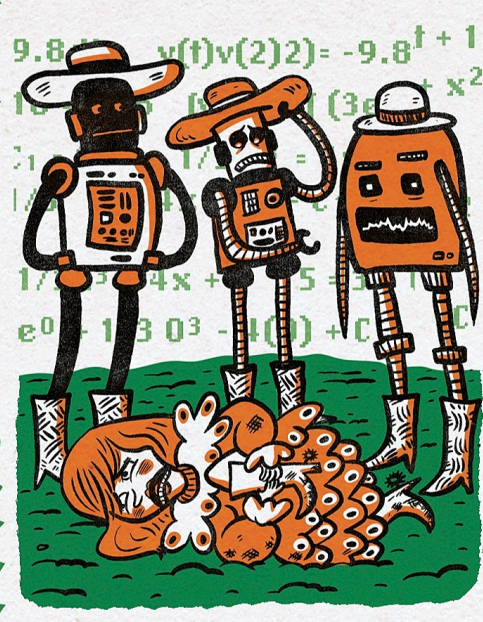
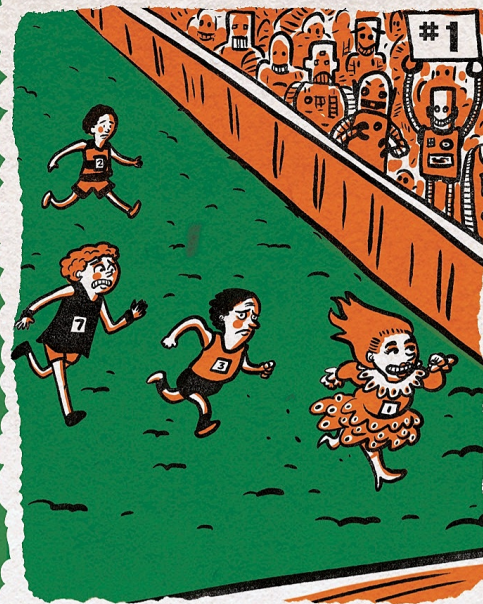
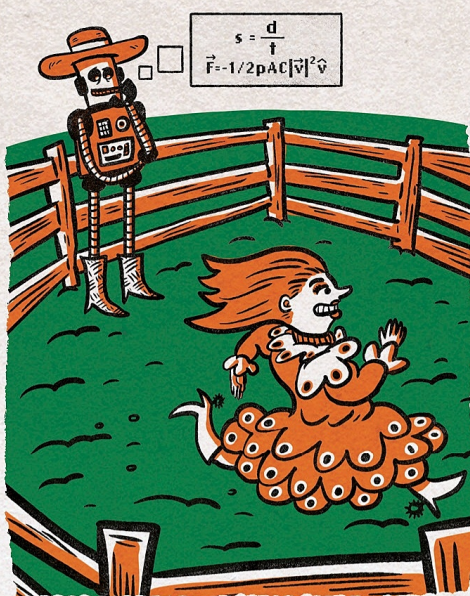
Now it's happening **again** with **artificial intelligence**...



...except this time, **humans** are the **horses**!



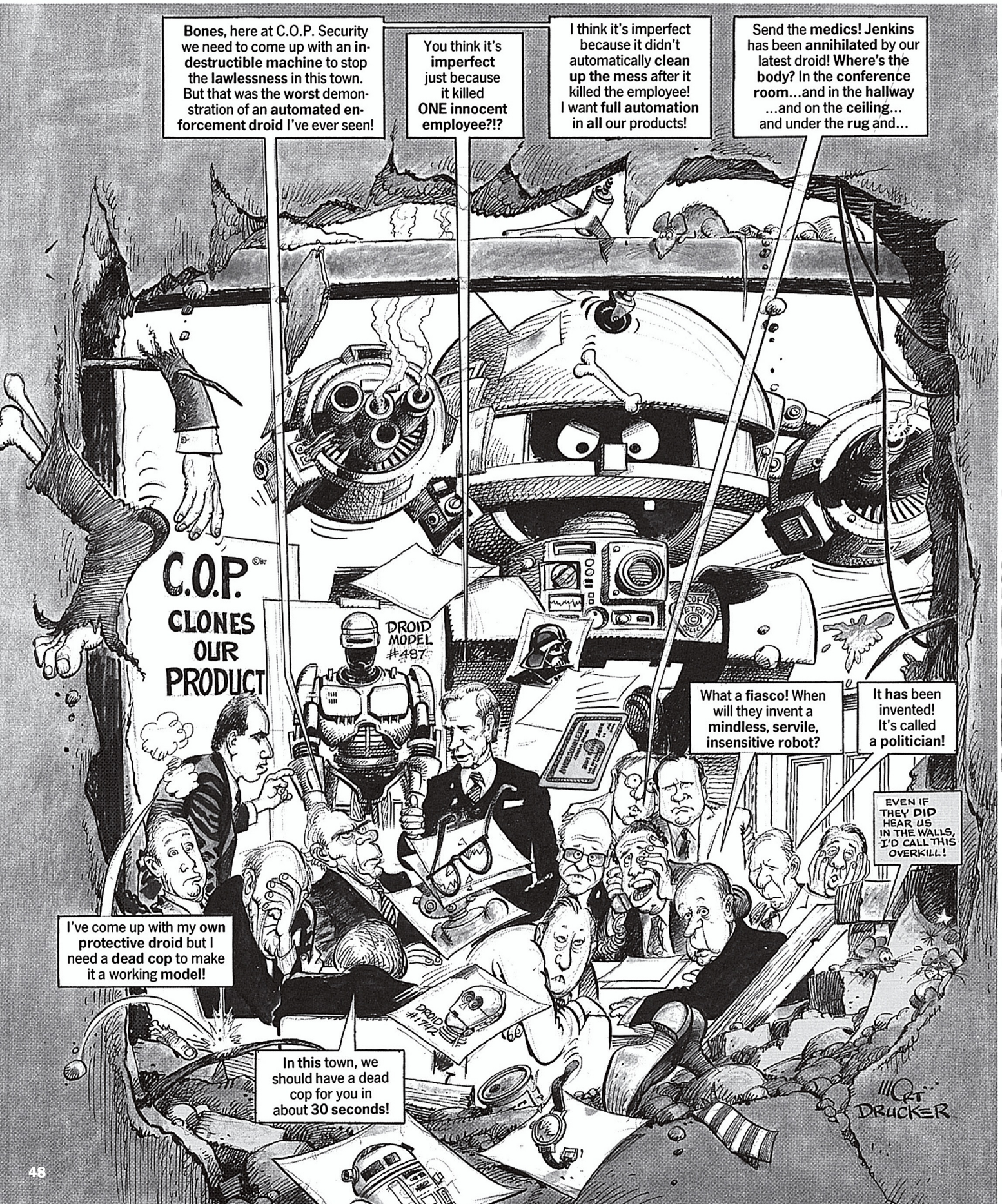








There was a movie out this summer in which the main characters caused violence, torture, death, anarchy and senseless property damage—and they were the good guys! The bad guys were responsible for even *more* misery and wreckage! But the destruction caused by the good guys and bad guys combined was nothing when compared to the incredible carnage caused by...



Bones, here at C.O.P. Security we need to come up with an indestructible machine to stop the lawlessness in this town. But that was the worst demonstration of an automated enforcement droid I've ever seen!

You think it's imperfect just because it killed ONE innocent employee?!

I think it's imperfect because it didn't automatically clean up the mess after it killed the employee! I want full automation in all our products!

Send the medics! Jenkins has been annihilated by our latest droid! Where's the body? In the conference room...and in the hallway...and on the ceiling...and under the rug and...

C.O.P.  
CLONES  
OUR  
PRODUCT

DROID  
MODEL  
#487

What a fiasco! When will they invent a mindless, servile, insensitive robot?

It has been invented! It's called a politician!

EVEN IF THEY DID HEAR US IN THE WALLS, I'D CALL THIS OVERKILL!

I've come up with my own protective droid but I need a dead cop to make it a working model!

In this town, we should have a dead cop for you in about 30 seconds!



FRESH CEMENT

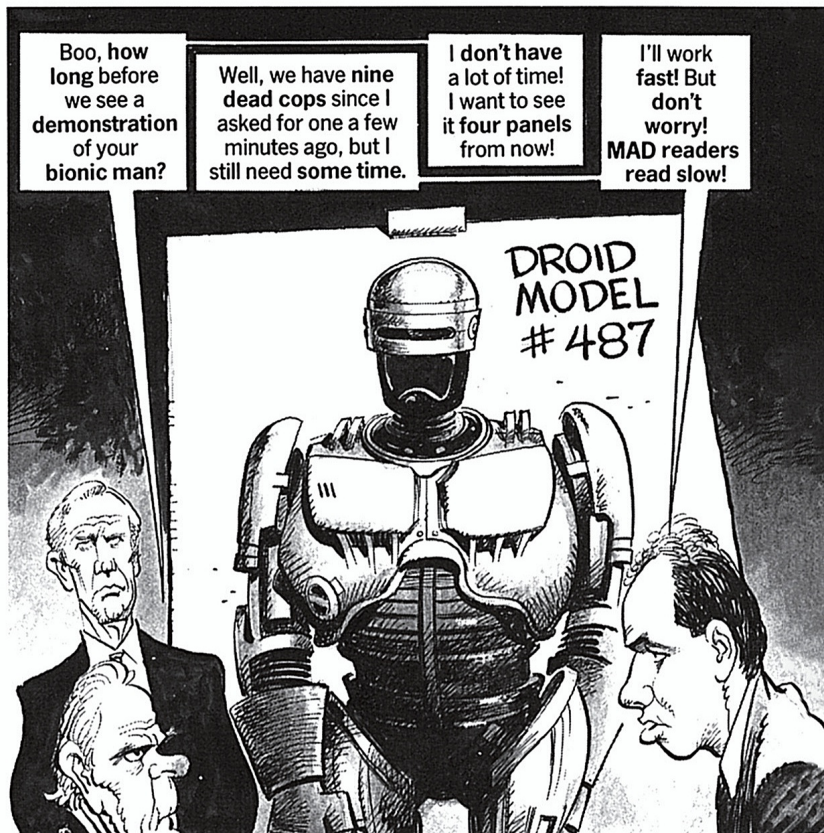
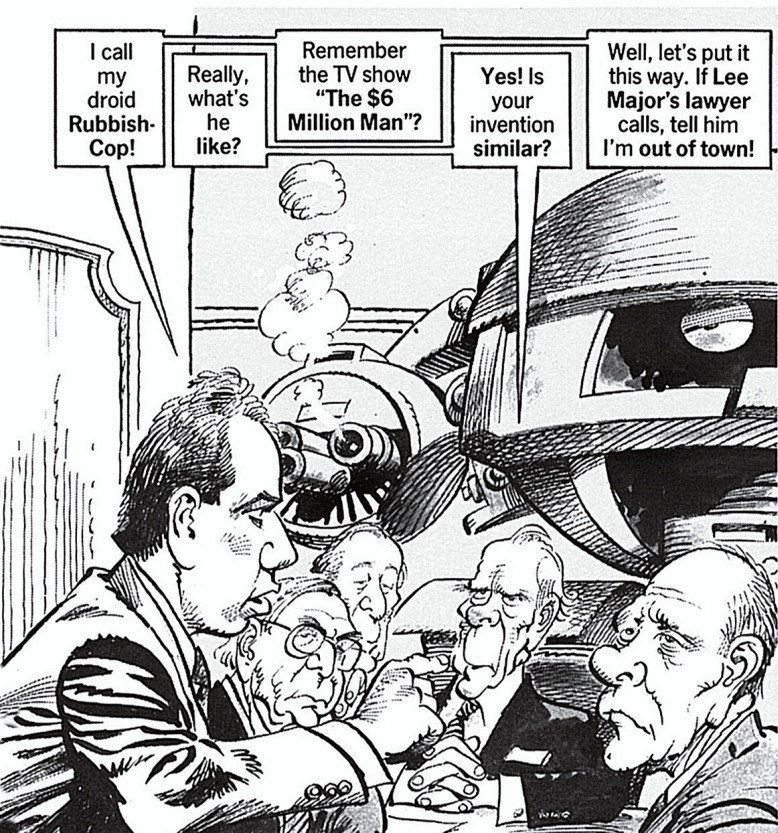
Q.T.  
DRUCKER



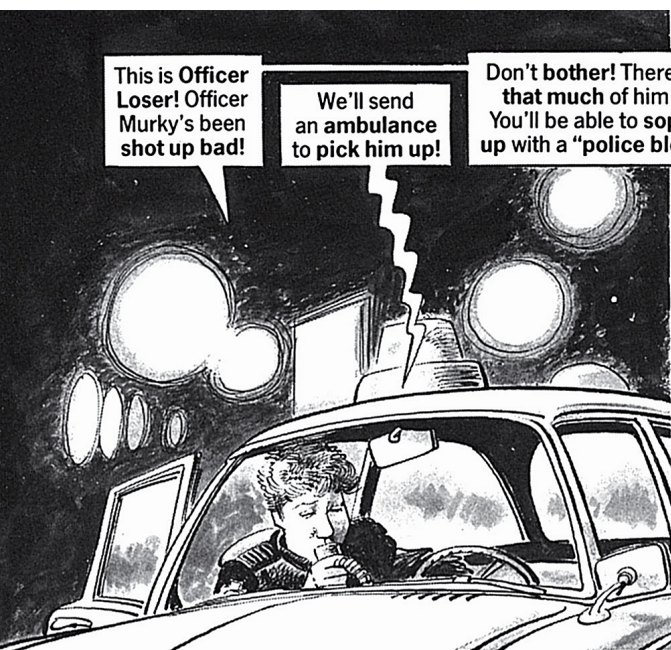
# ROBOSLOP

WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO**

ARTIST **MORT DRUCKER**



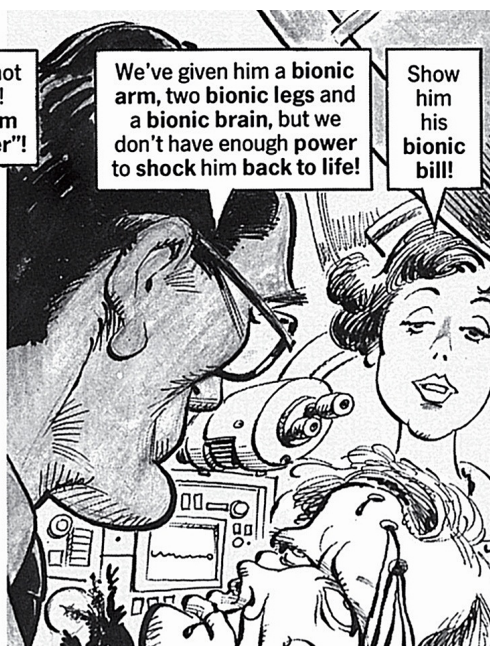




This is Officer Loser! Officer Murky's been shot up bad!

We'll send an ambulance to pick him up!

Don't bother! There's not that much of him left! You'll be able to sop him up with a "police blotter"!



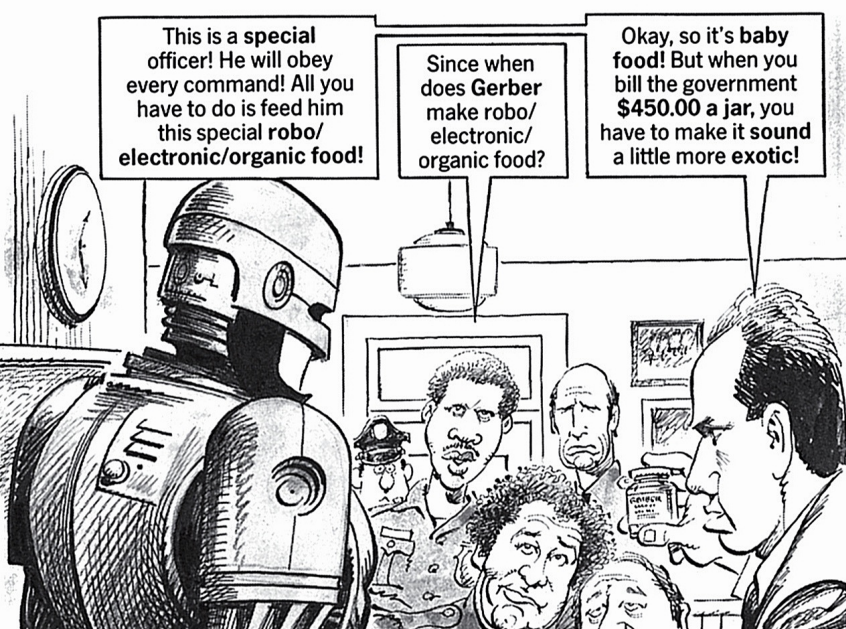
We've given him a bionic arm, two bionic legs and a bionic brain, but we don't have enough power to shock him back to life!

Show him his bionic bill!



Look, you're right... he works!

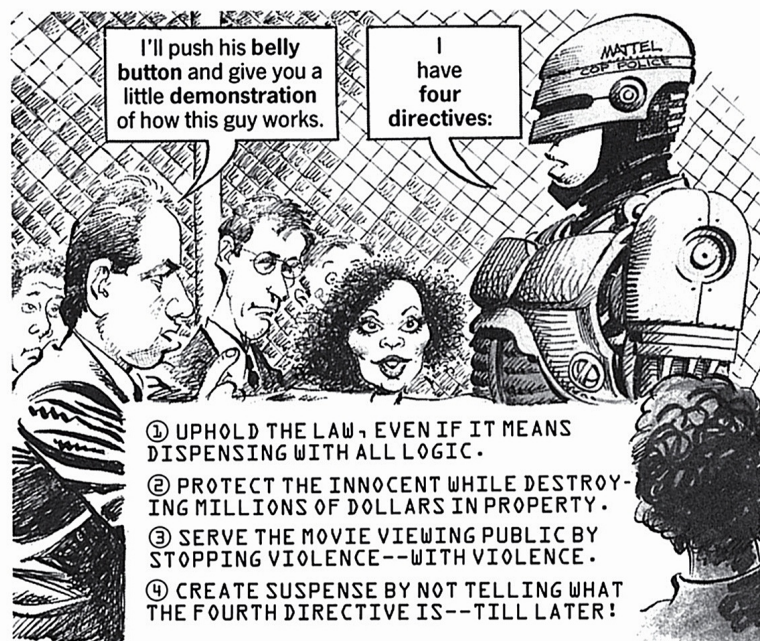
And he's ready in only four panels!



This is a special officer! He will obey every command! All you have to do is feed him this special robo/electronic/organic food!

Since when does Gerber make robo/electronic/organic food?

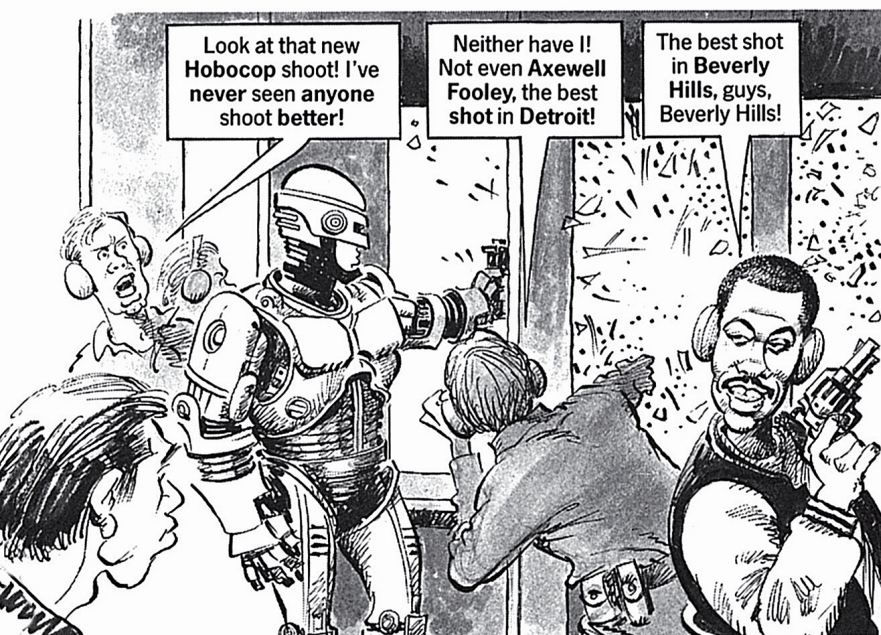
Okay, so it's baby food! But when you bill the government \$450.00 a jar, you have to make it sound a little more exotic!



I'll push his belly button and give you a little demonstration of how this guy works.

I have four directives:

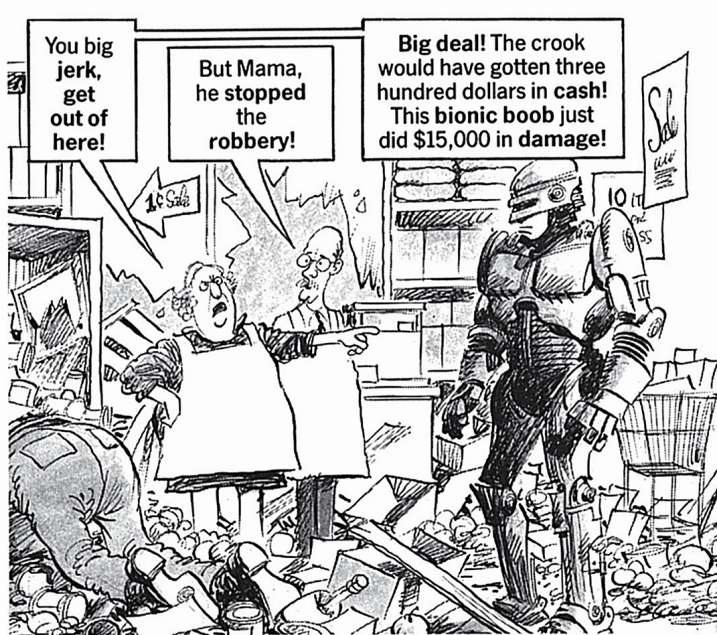
- ① UPHOLD THE LAW, EVEN IF IT MEANS DISPENSING WITH ALL LOGIC.
- ② PROTECT THE INNOCENT WHILE DESTROYING MILLIONS OF DOLLARS IN PROPERTY.
- ③ SERVE THE MOVIE VIEWING PUBLIC BY STOPPING VIOLENCE--WITH VIOLENCE.
- ④ CREATE SUSPENSE BY NOT TELLING WHAT THE FOURTH DIRECTIVE IS--TILL LATER!



Look at that new Hobocop shoot! I've never seen anyone shoot better!

Neither have I! Not even Axewell Fooley, the best shot in Detroit!

The best shot in Beverly Hills, guys, Beverly Hills!

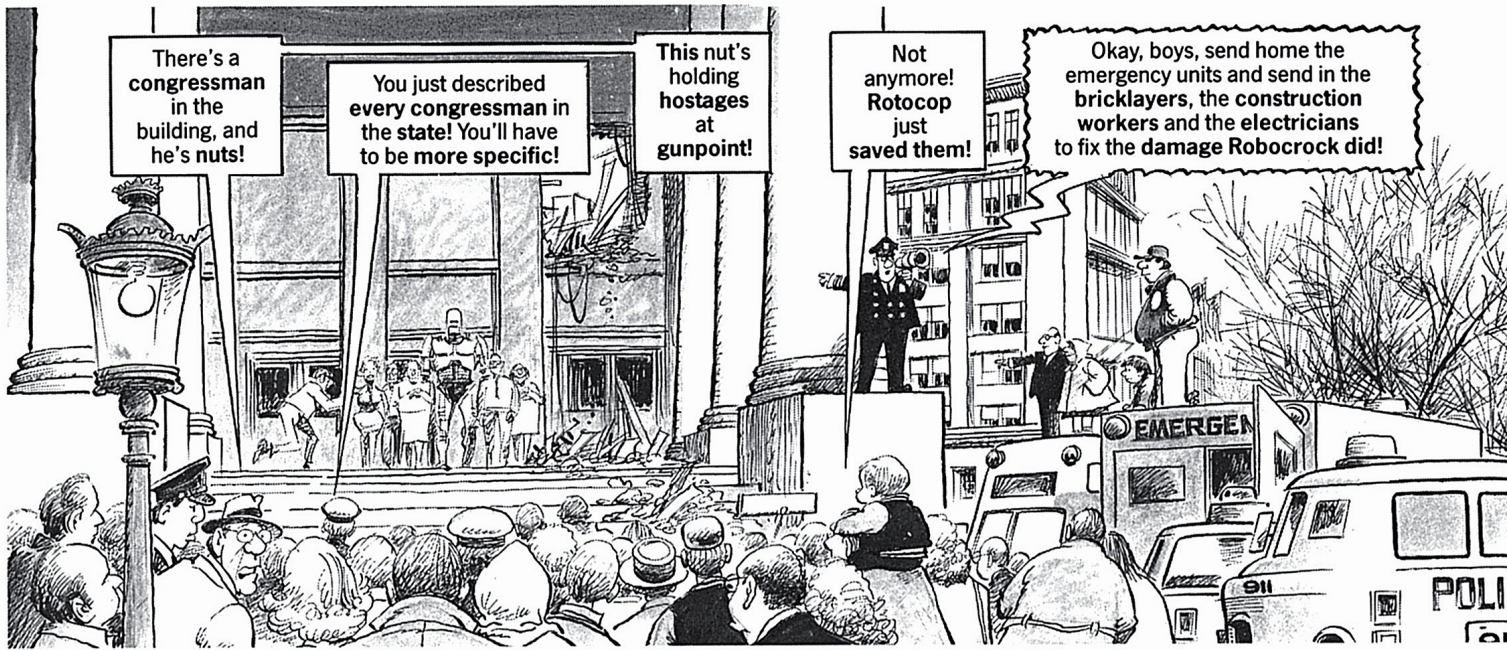


You big jerk, get out of here!

But Mama, he stopped the robbery!

Big deal! The crook would have gotten three hundred dollars in cash! This bionic boob just did \$15,000 in damage!





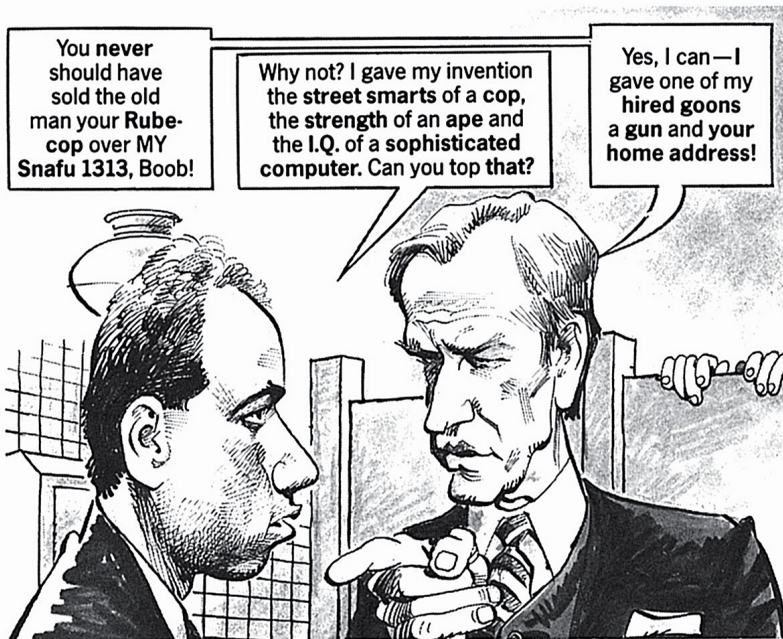
There's a congressman in the building, and he's nuts!

You just described every congressman in the state! You'll have to be more specific!

This nut's holding hostages at gunpoint!

Not anymore! Rotocop just saved them!

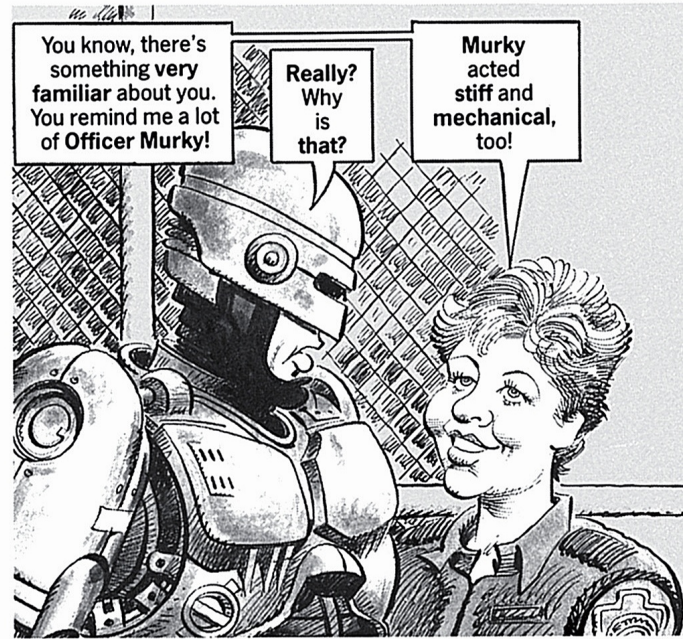
Okay, boys, send home the emergency units and send in the bricklayers, the construction workers and the electricians to fix the damage Robocrock did!



You never should have sold the old man your Rubecop over MY Snafu 1313, Boob!

Why not? I gave my invention the street smarts of a cop, the strength of an ape and the I.Q. of a sophisticated computer. Can you top that?

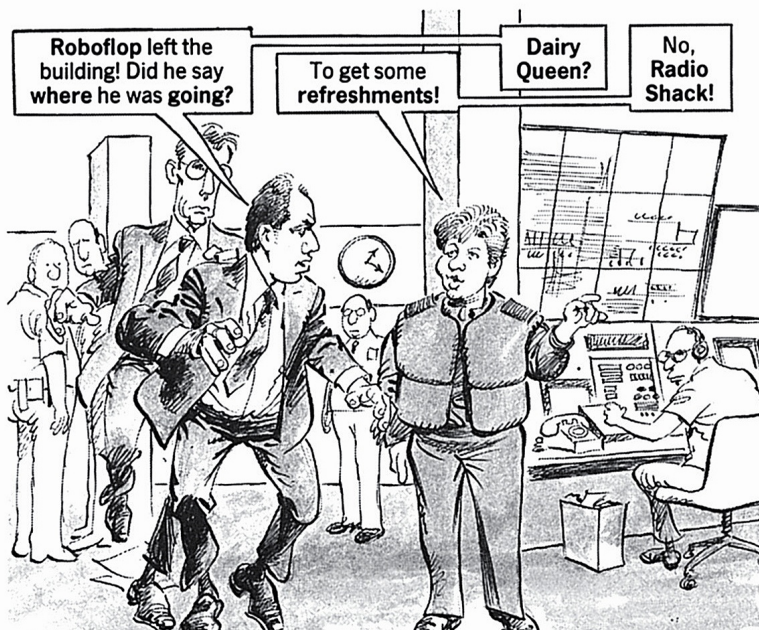
Yes, I can—I gave one of my hired goons a gun and your home address!



You know, there's something very familiar about you. You remind me a lot of Officer Murky!

Really? Why is that?

Murky acted stiff and mechanical, too!

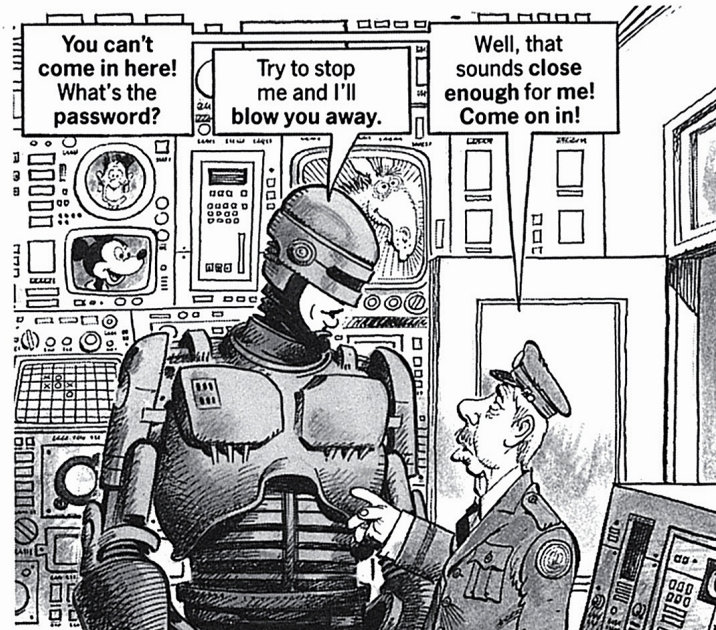


Roboflop left the building! Did he say where he was going?

To get some refreshments!

Dairy Queen?

No, Radio Shack!

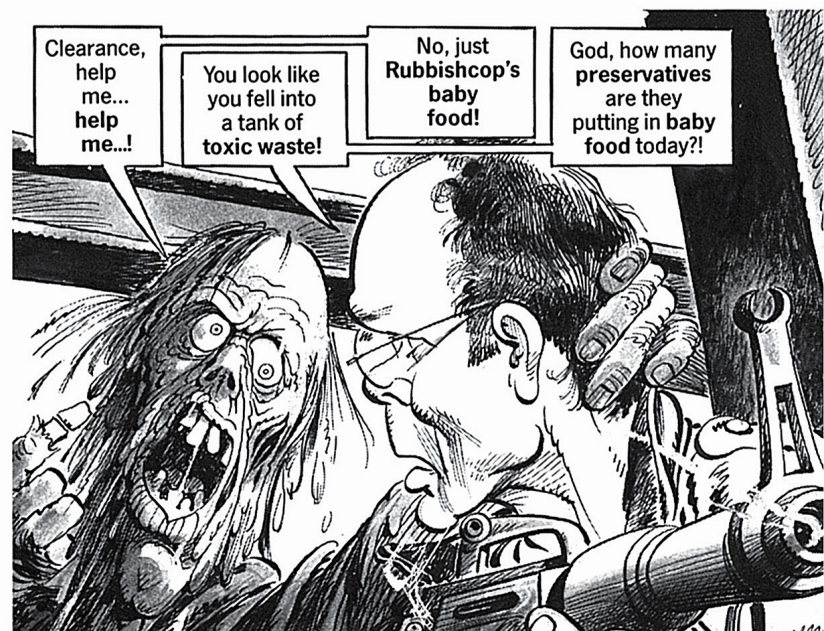
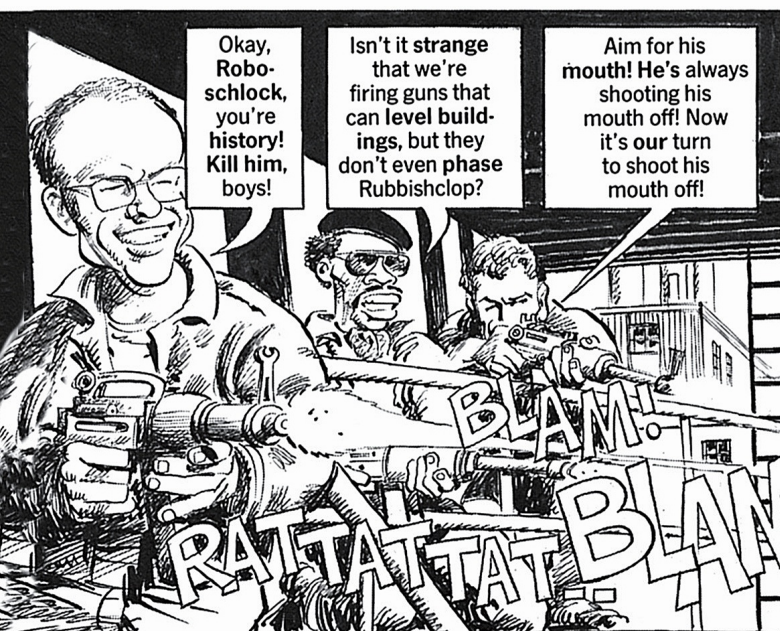
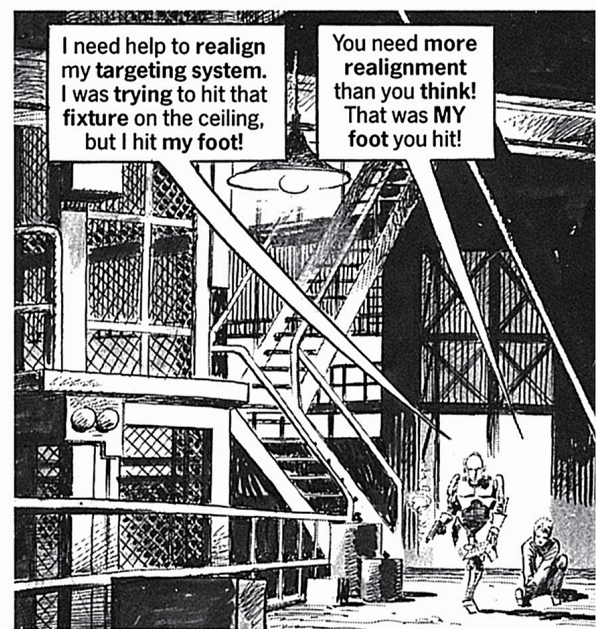
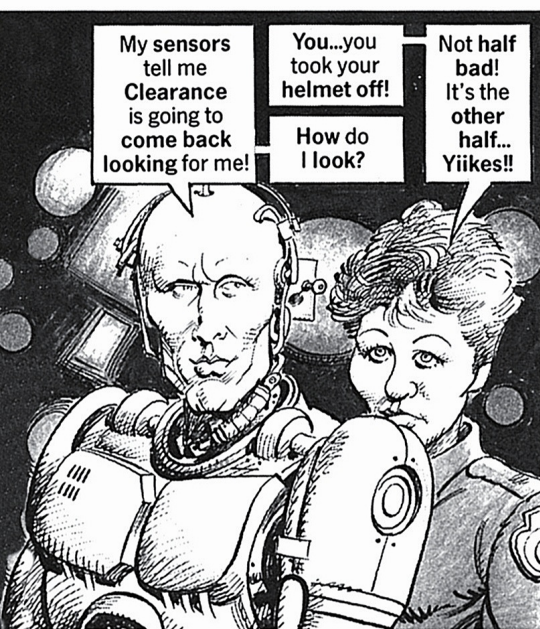
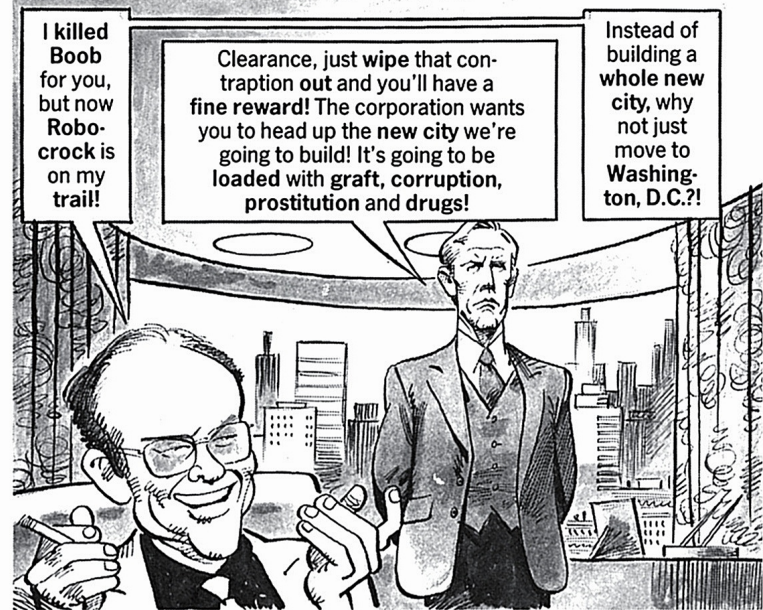
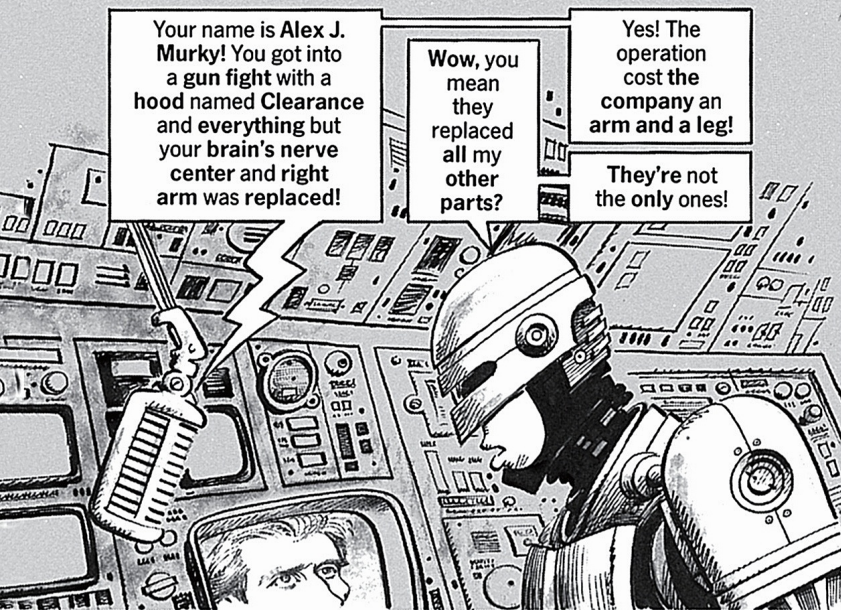


You can't come in here! What's the password?

Try to stop me and I'll blow you away.

Well, that sounds close enough for me! Come on in!







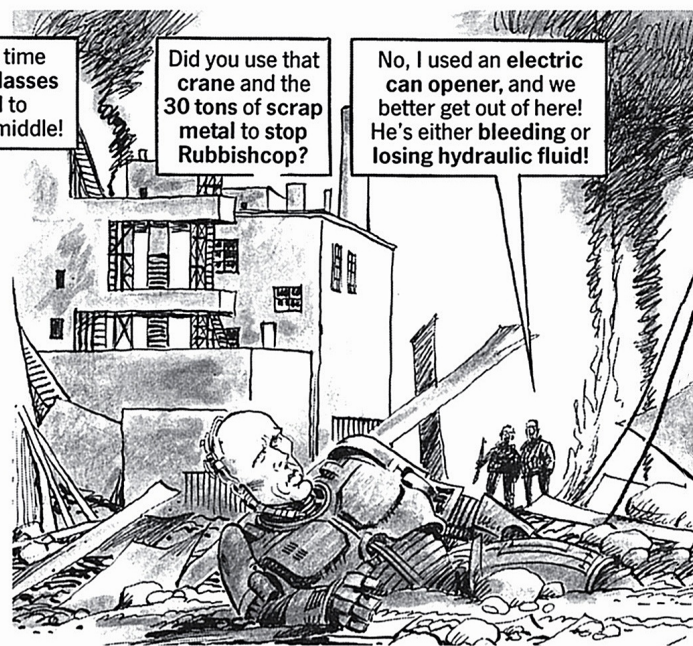


Help me!  
Help me!  
My nose  
is running!

Go to the van,  
there's tissues in  
the glove compartment.

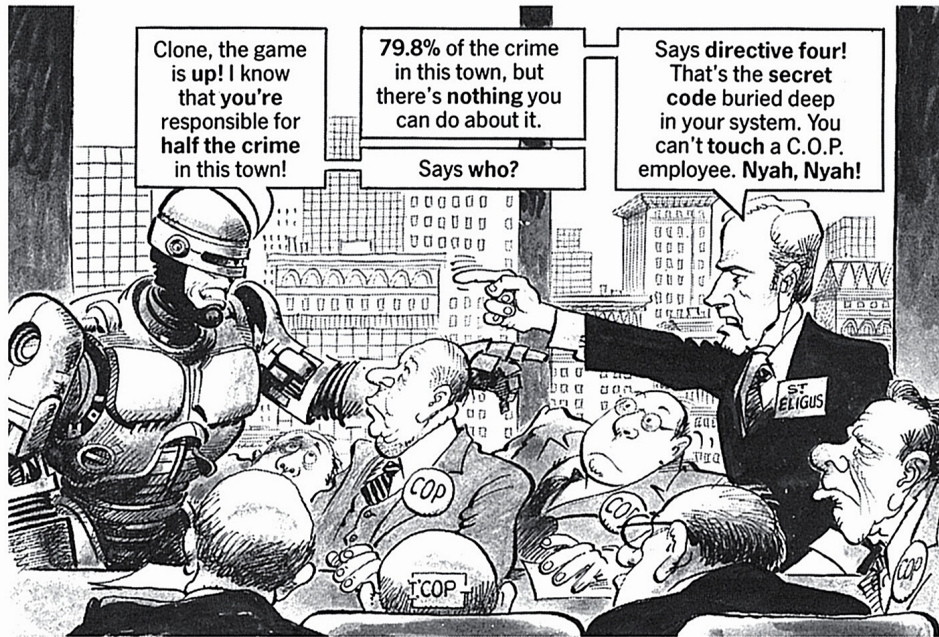
I mean it's  
running off  
my face!

That's tough! Next time  
you wear your sunglasses  
you'll need a nail to  
hold them up in the middle!



Did you use that  
crane and the  
30 tons of scrap  
metal to stop  
Rubbishcop?

No, I used an electric  
can opener, and we  
better get out of here!  
He's either bleeding or  
losing hydraulic fluid!

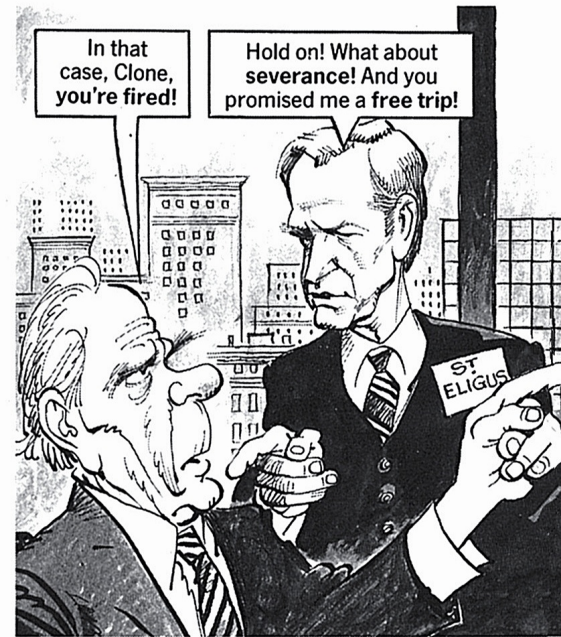


Clone, the game  
is up! I know  
that you're  
responsible for  
half the crime  
in this town!

79.8% of the crime  
in this town, but  
there's nothing you  
can do about it.

Says who?

Says directive four!  
That's the secret  
code buried deep  
in your system. You  
can't touch a C.O.P.  
employee. Nyah, Nyah!



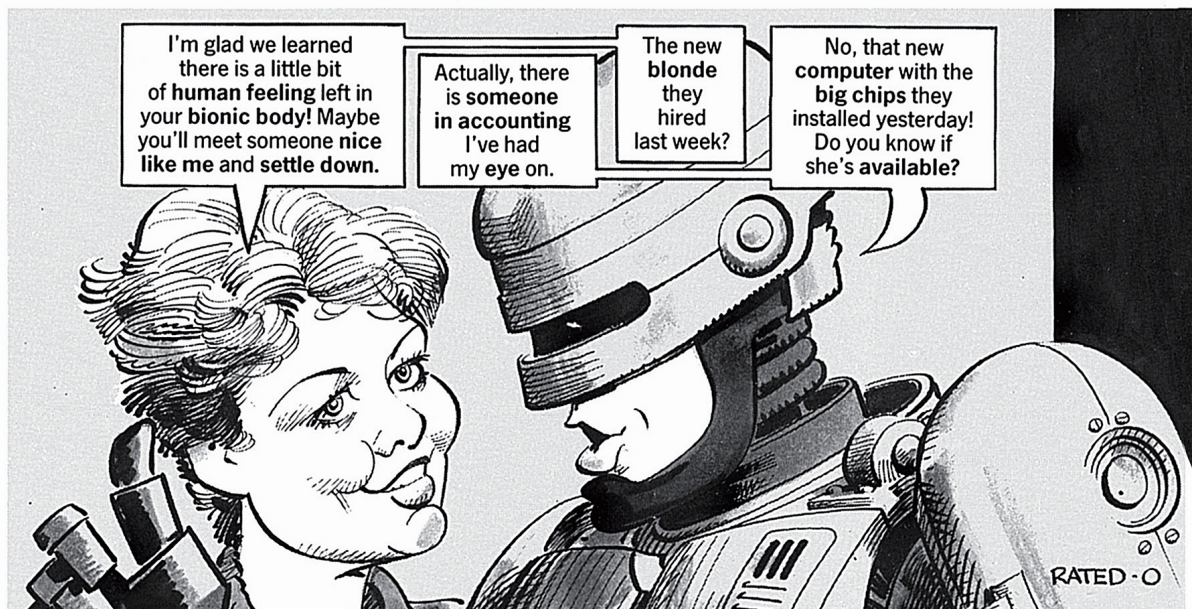
In that  
case, Clone,  
you're fired!

Hold on! What about  
severance! And you  
promised me a free trip!



Well thanks to you  
Rubbishcop, he got  
both severance and  
a free trip. You  
severed his limbs  
when you dropped  
him 48 stories!

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #277, MAR 1988



I'm glad we learned  
there is a little bit  
of human feeling left in  
your bionic body! Maybe  
you'll meet someone nice  
like me and settle down.

Actually, there  
is someone  
in accounting  
I've had  
my eye on.

The new  
blonde  
they  
hired  
last week?

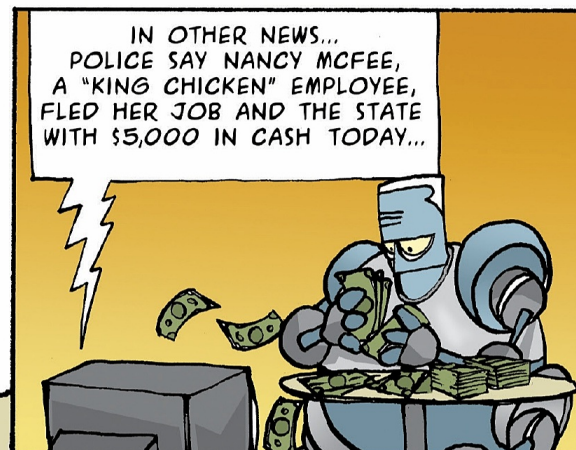
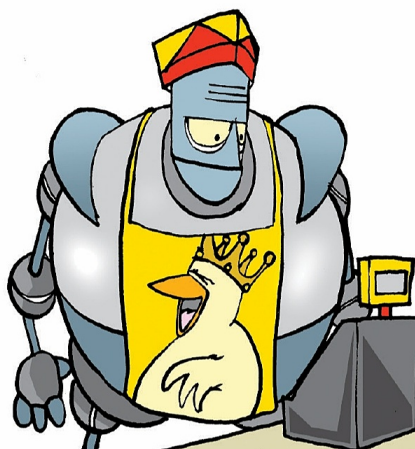
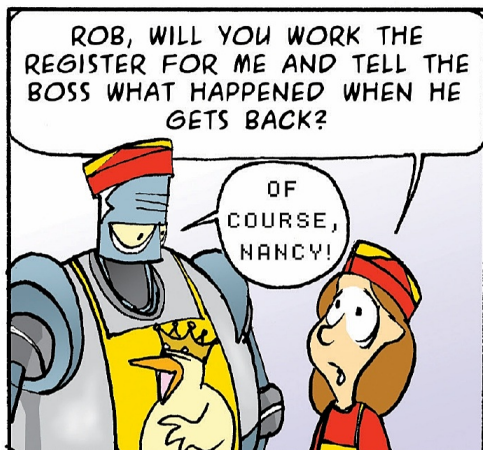
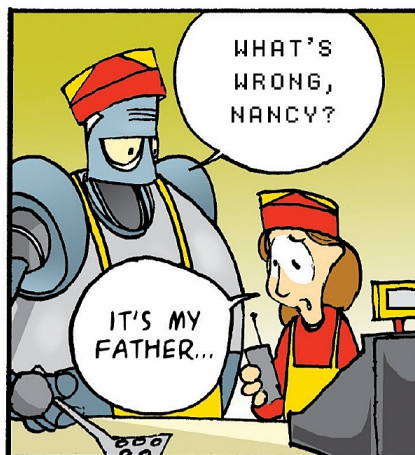
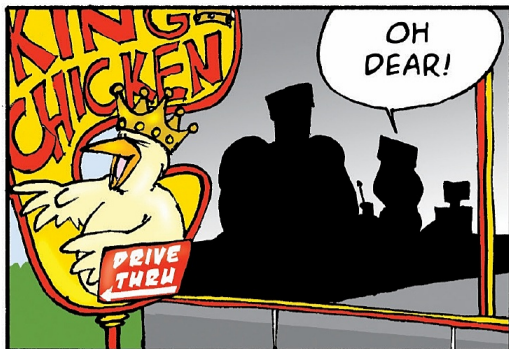
No, that new  
computer with the  
big chips they  
installed yesterday!  
Do you know if  
she's available?

RATED - O



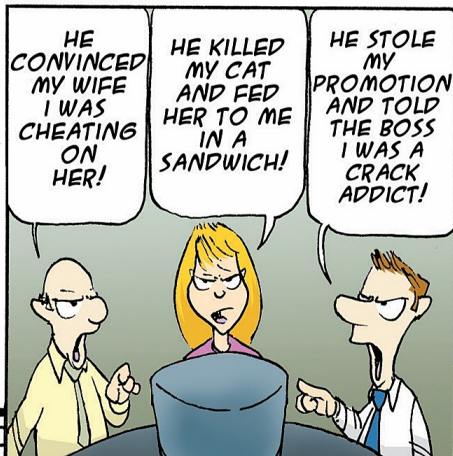
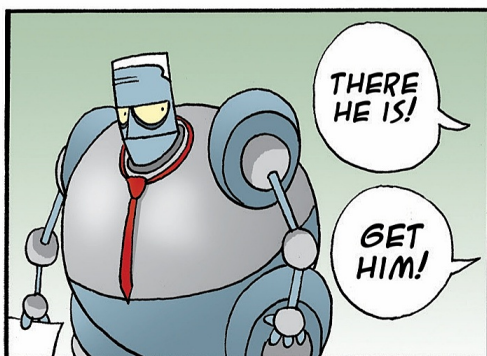


# ROB THE EVIL, BACKSTABBING ROBOT TEMP



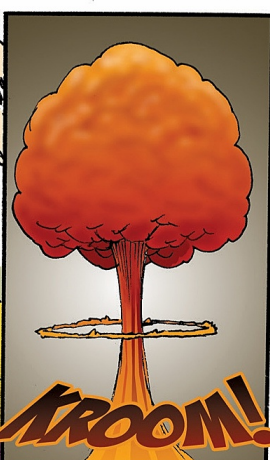
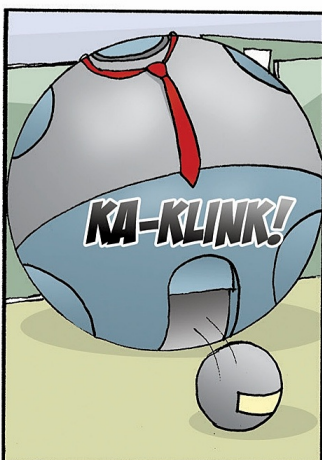
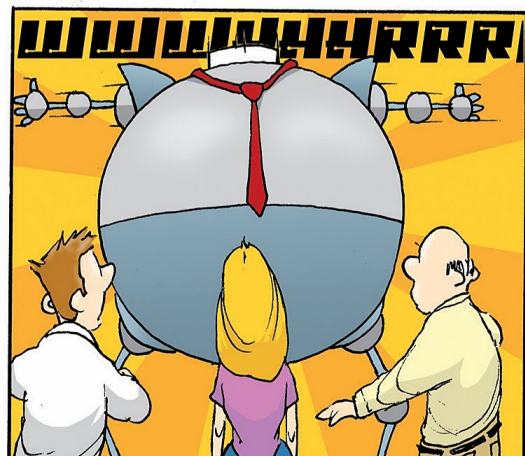
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #459, NOV 2005

# ROB THE EVIL, BACKSTABBING, ROBOT TEMP



HE KILLED MY CAT AND FED HER TO ME IN A SANDWICH!

HE STOLE MY PROMOTION AND TOLD THE BOSS I WAS A CRACK ADDICT!

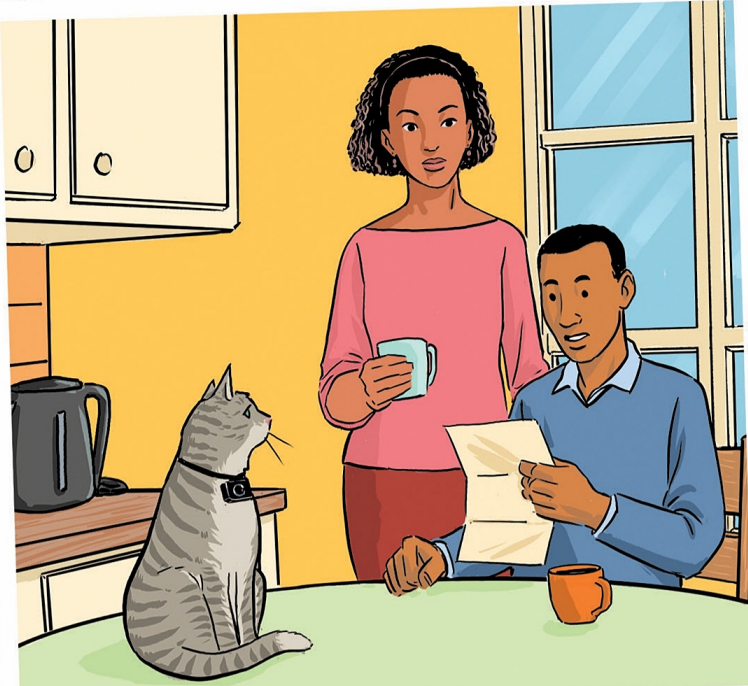


ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #492, AUG 2008

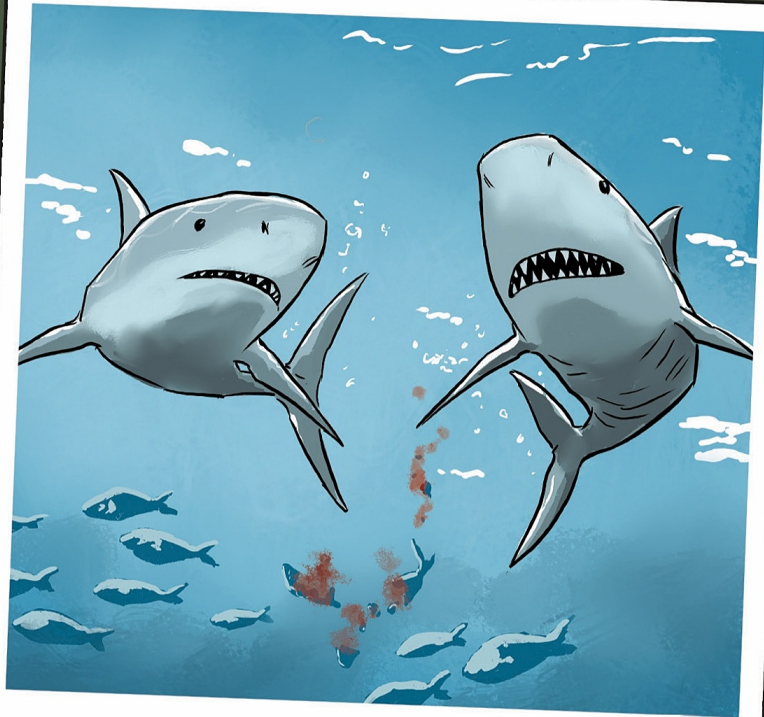


# MeaNwHile...

WRITER IAN BOOTHBY  
ARTIST PIA GUERRA



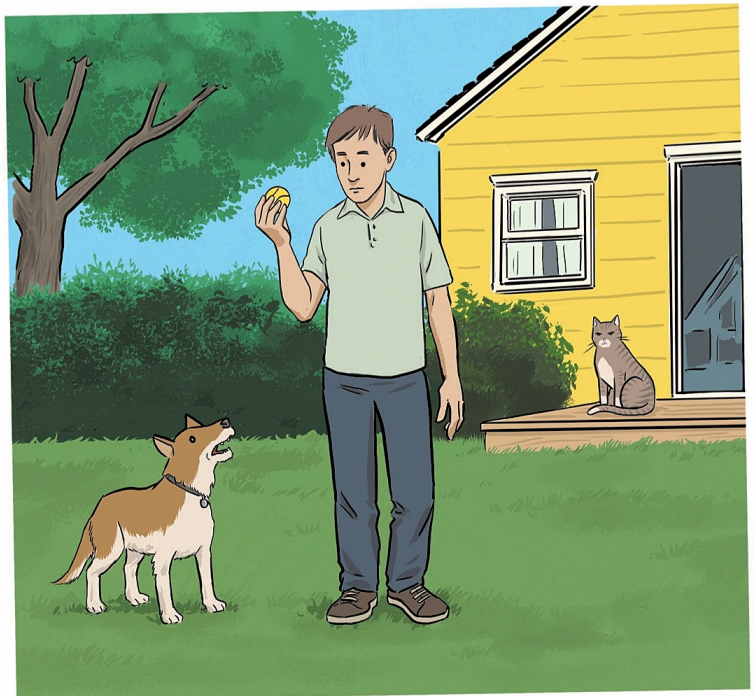
"GAVE HER A CAMERA TO SEE WHAT SHE DID DURING THE DAY. NOW SHE'S GOT A SHORT OPENING AT SUNDANCE AND A FEATURE DEAL WITH GRETA GERWIG ATTACHED."



"I WORRY THAT SOMETIMES I EAT NOT BECAUSE I'M IN A FRENZY, BUT BECAUSE I'M BORED."



"SURE, IF YOU BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU READ ON THE WEB."



"AS YOUR BEST FRIEND, I HAVE TO SAY THE CAT IS TALKING SOME TRASH ABOUT YOU."





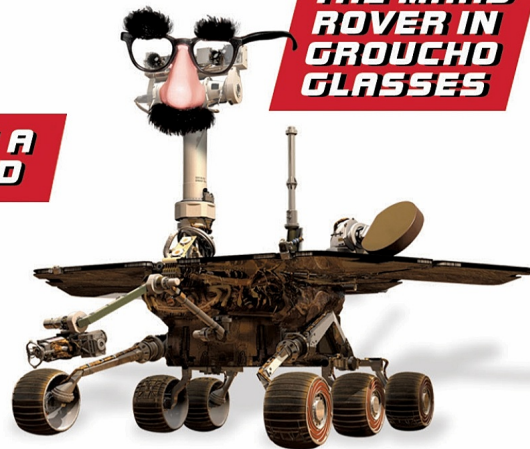
# ROBOTS IN DISGUISE

(OTHER THAN TRANSFORMERS)

**C3PO IN A NIXON MASK**

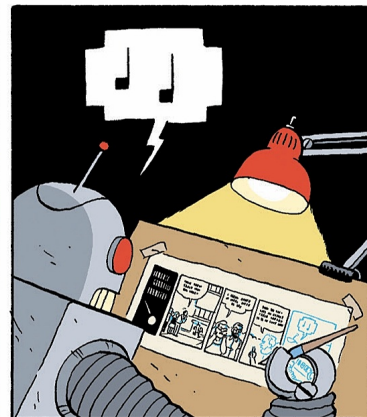
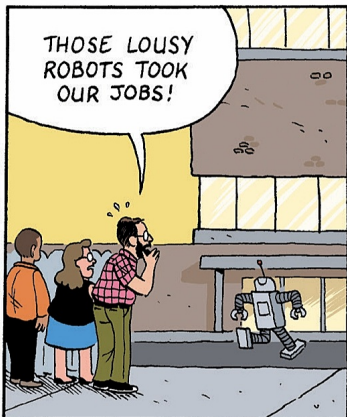


**ROOMBA IN A FAKE BEARD**



**THE MARS ROVER IN GROUCHO GLASSES**

ARTIST **SCOTT BRICHER**



WRITER & ARTIST **DAKOTA McFADZEAN**

## STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION

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Anne DePies, General Manager, MAD, September 10, 2024

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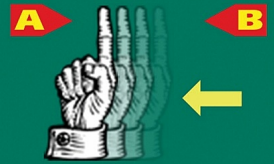


WHAT IS  
ONE THING  
ARTISTS "GET"  
THAT A.I.  
NEVER WILL?

## HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW **MAD FOLD-IN**

In an astonishingly short amount of time, the artistic output of A.I. image generators has grown exponentially more sophisticated. It is now difficult to discern whether a design was made by man or machine. Yet, for all the distinctly human traits that A.I. is able to replicate, there is one thing that it cannot. To see what that is, fold in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



ARTISTS AND ARTISANS ALIKE TOIL FOR THEIR TRADES. BE IT CARPENTRY, PAINTING, OR SCULPTURE, IT TAKES YEARS OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL TRAINING IN ORDER FOR THEM TO PRODUCE STUNNING ARTWORKS. SADLY, THE FRUITS OF THEIR HARD LABOR FUEL SYNTHETIC A.I. CREATIONS. AS IF THAT'S NOT BAD ENOUGH, ANDROIDS KEEP GETTING BETTER. SURELY THE WORST IS YET TO COME.

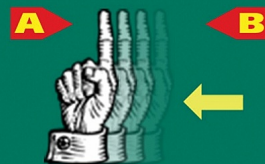


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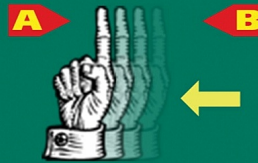
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WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON



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SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



A B



CARPAL  
TUN-  
NEL  
SYN-  
DROME.

A B



No.  
166  
April  
'74

33230

# MAD

OUR PRICE  
**40<sup>c</sup>**  
CHEAP

## GIVING A.I. THE MIDDLE FINGERS



Remember to always pay  
real artists. They hate  
drawing hands as much  
as A.I. does—but unlike  
A.I., artists *count*.

CONCEPT **MATT COHEN**  
ARTIST **NORMAN MINGO**

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED,  
MAD #166, APR 1974



**BY**  
**SERGIO ARAGÓN**



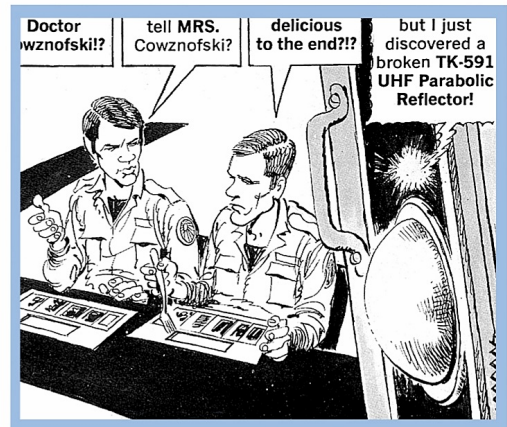


# MAD

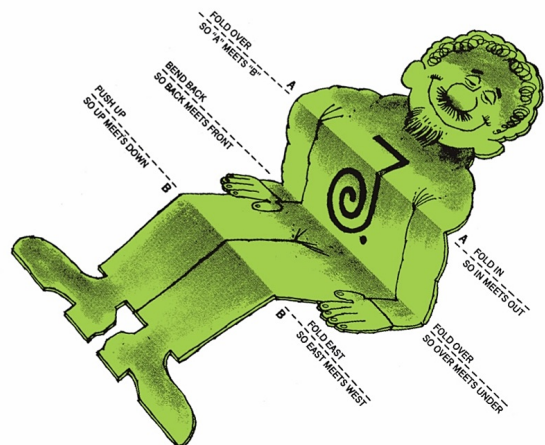
DIGITAL EDITION

BONUS MATERIAL!

Remember the original corrupt A.I. computer? Neither do we, since ALF-5200 erased all records of itself years ago. Instead we will unlock the bay doors and give you another classic parody from MAD #125, March 1969.



And the always prophetic Al Jaffee predicted what workers would be up against in 2025 with the Fold-in from MAD #253, March 1985.





# 201 MIN. OF A SPA

Excuse  
me—  
Are  
you  
**Maurice  
Evans?**

Then you must be **Roddy McDowell?**

... Nope!

---

Don't tell  
me you're  
**Kim  
Hunter!**

Isn't this  
"PLANET  
OF THE  
APES"?

No, this is "201 MIN. OF A SPACE IDIOTY"!

But why not work here with us and then go over and work on "PLANET OF THE APES"?

Oh, boy! **Two**  
jobs in **one**  
**year!** That's  
enough to drive  
me **Man!**  
What do I do?

**Act bored!**

That's a snap! And with **this** script, it's even an act

And keep your eye out for a **mysterious big black thing** that will excite us and make us want to do **intelligent things!**

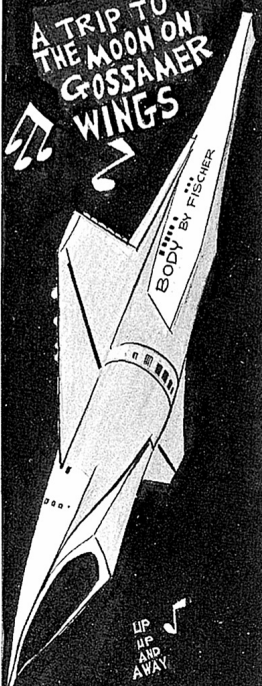


DEM BONES  
DEM BONES  
GONNA RISE



ATLAS  
TIRES

**A TRIP TO  
THE MOON ON  
GROSSMER  
WINGS**



You may not **believe** this—but I'll **swear** someone just threw a **bone** at our spaceship!

It's probably some ape from another airline! We could only accept "plug money" from one! Would you like some more food, Doctor?

No, thanks!  
I've eaten  
so much food  
**already**, I  
may throw up!

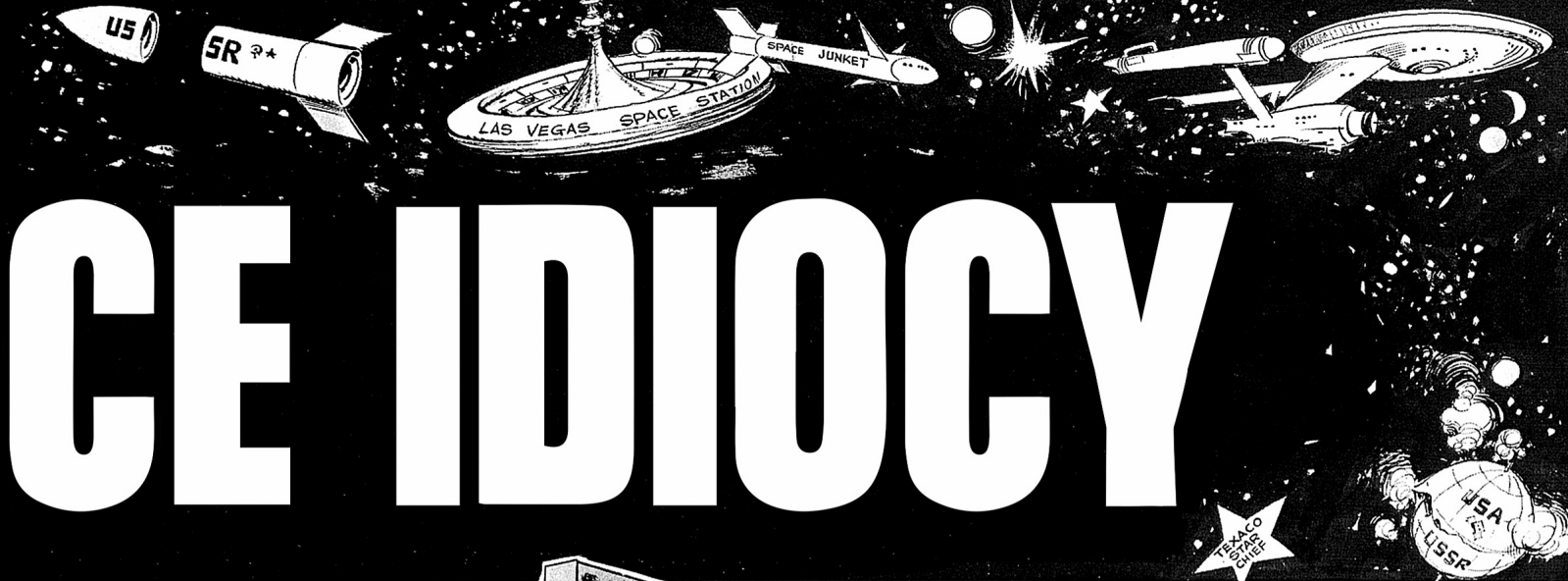
**You can't  
throw UP!  
We're in  
zero  
gravity!**

Well—  
how  
about  
**throw  
OUT?**

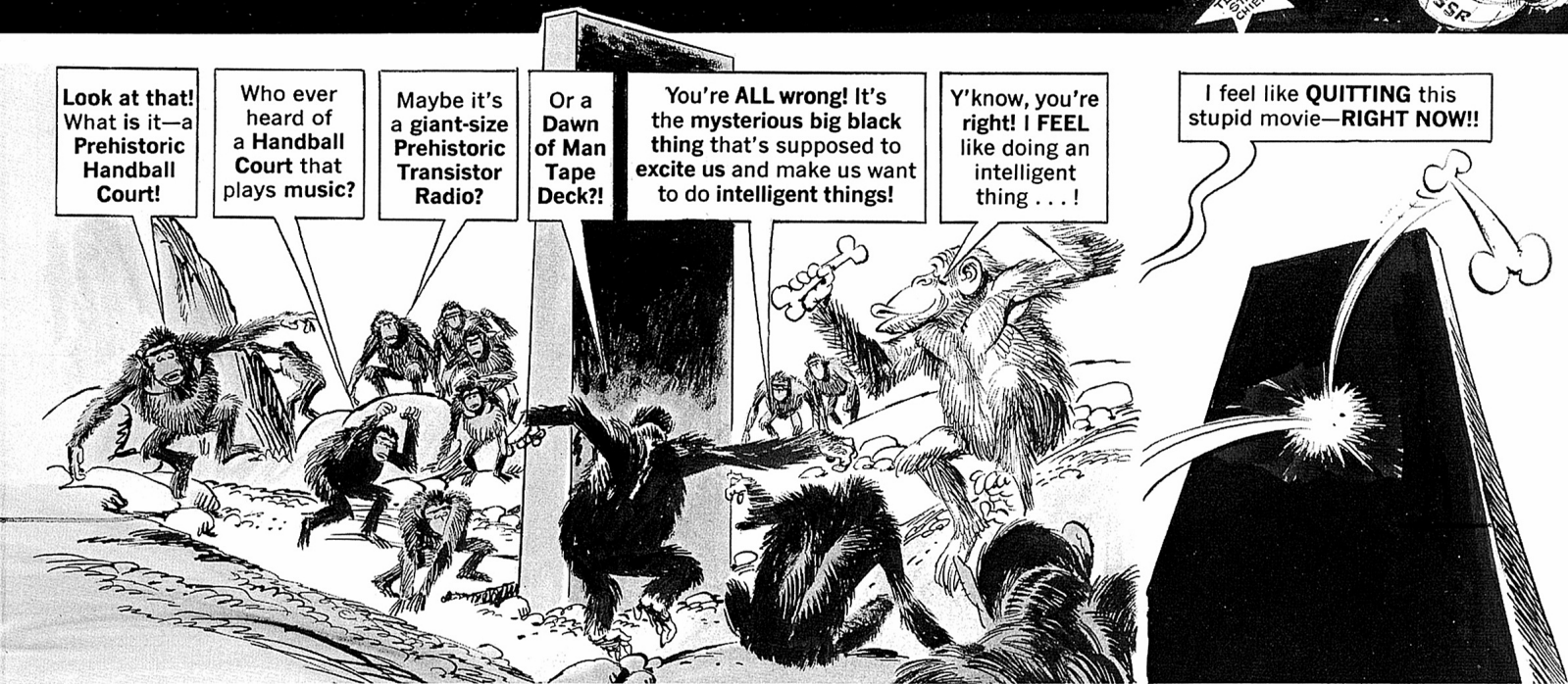
Not unless  
you mind  
**staring at**  
it in mid-air  
for another  
19 hours!







# CE IDIOCY



WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO





Dr. Haywire, just what **IS** really going on at Habeas Corpus Station? Rumor has it that there's a deadly flu epidemic!

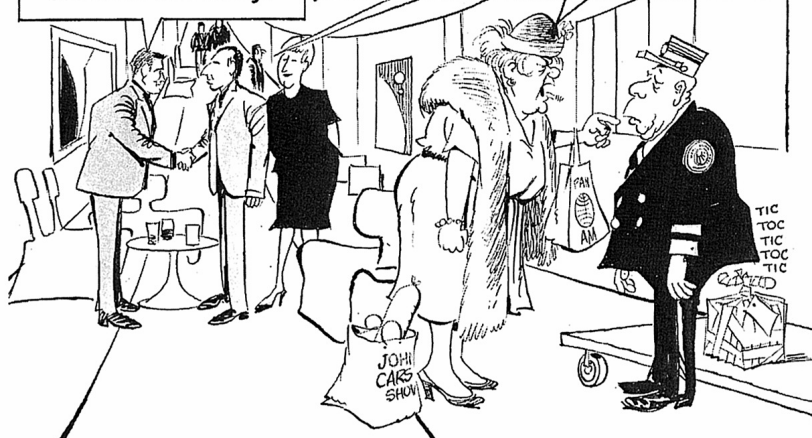
I'm afraid I can't say anything, Dr. Smyles! I cannot tell you whether there is a deadly epidemic, or if that's just a **cover-up** for a story so **shocking**—so **unbelievable**—so **bizarre** that the public will have to be **braced** before it can be told about the **frightening discovery**!

You always **did** have **tight lips**, Doctor!

If you'll excuse me now, I have to telephone my wife. She'll want to know about the **2-million-year-old Black Monolith** we found which no one has been able to identify!

Very well. But if you change your mind and care to tell me anything, I'd be **very interested**!

What do you mean, you lost my set of matched lightweight Samsonite luggage—and it's **4 years** till the next flight arrives?!



Hi, Honey! I thought I would surprise you and Video-Phone ...

W-why, Sweetie! This **IS** a surprise! I was just telling the m-milkman here that you won't be home for a while, and to take back a quart!

Well, I just wanted to know you're okay!

I'm fine. On the way home from the moon, will you pick up a loaf of bread, Dear?

I will! Bye, now! I've got a secret meeting to go to!

Goodbye, Dear!

Bye, Doc! Give our regards to the Monolith!

Operator, what were the charges for that call?

Deposit \$17,500 for the first three minutes, plus 10¢ for the overtime!



AREA CODES  
MOON 5674523470  
JUPITER 914270830  
MARS 807411291  
VENUS 109154432  
FUN CITY 212



IF THE PARTY YOU VIDEO-PHONED IS IN THE BATHTUB, RENT, BLINDFOLD 25¢ .... THREE MIN. ➡

Members of Space Station Habeas Corpus—First, I want to congratulate you on the fabulous job you did—spreading that rumor about the flu epidemic here. It's been a great cover-up for the discovery of the Monolith. By the way, where is Doctor Ryan and Professor Woodhull ...?

They both died—of acute flu rumors!

Now, that's what I call sticking to a story!

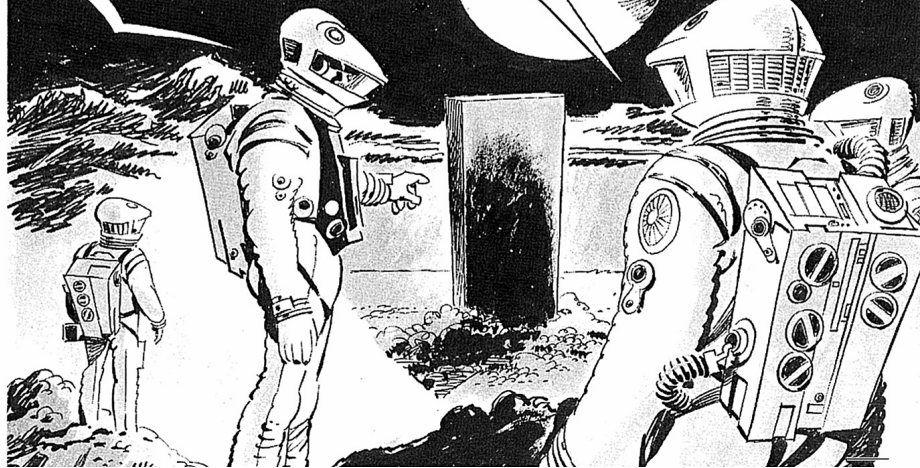
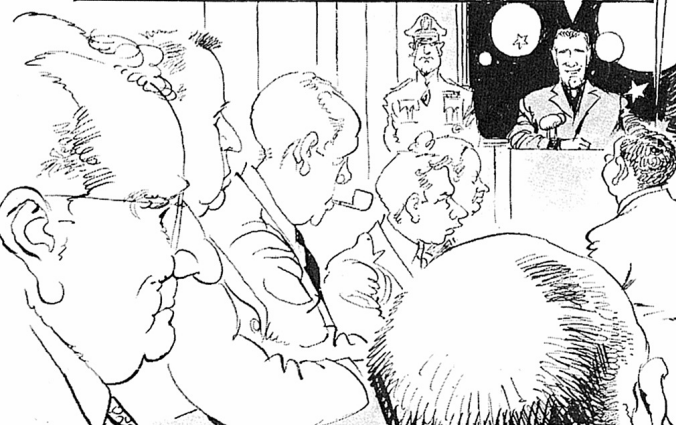
Well ... there it is, Dr. Haywire! What do you think?

Boy, that's a Black Monolith if ever I saw a Black Monolith!

It was buried nearly 2 million years ago!

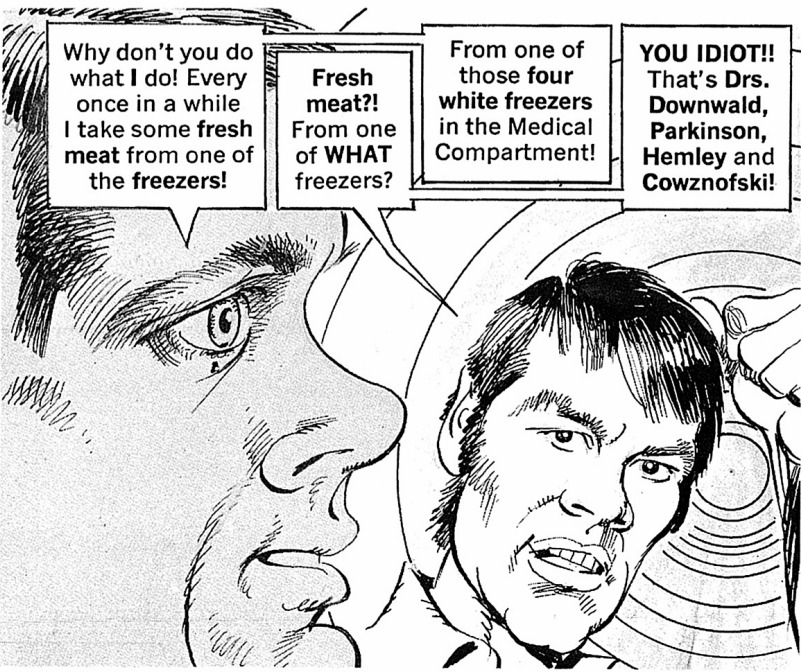
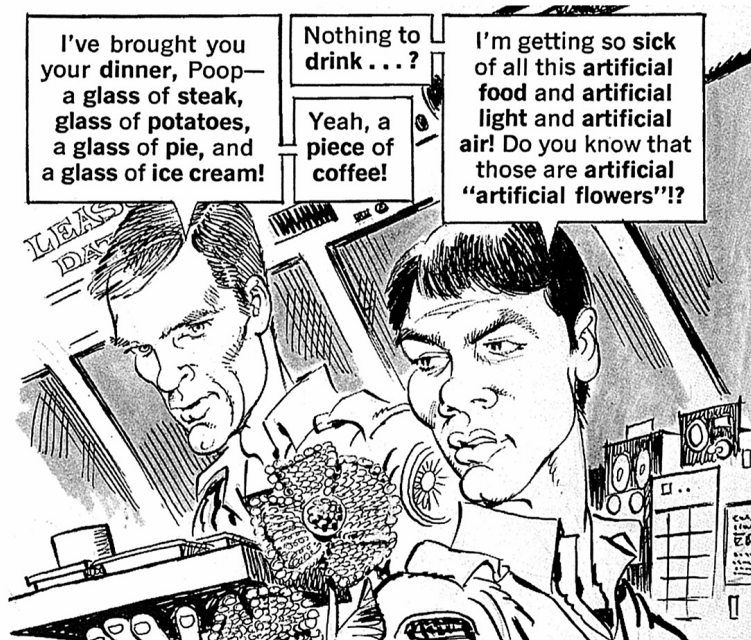
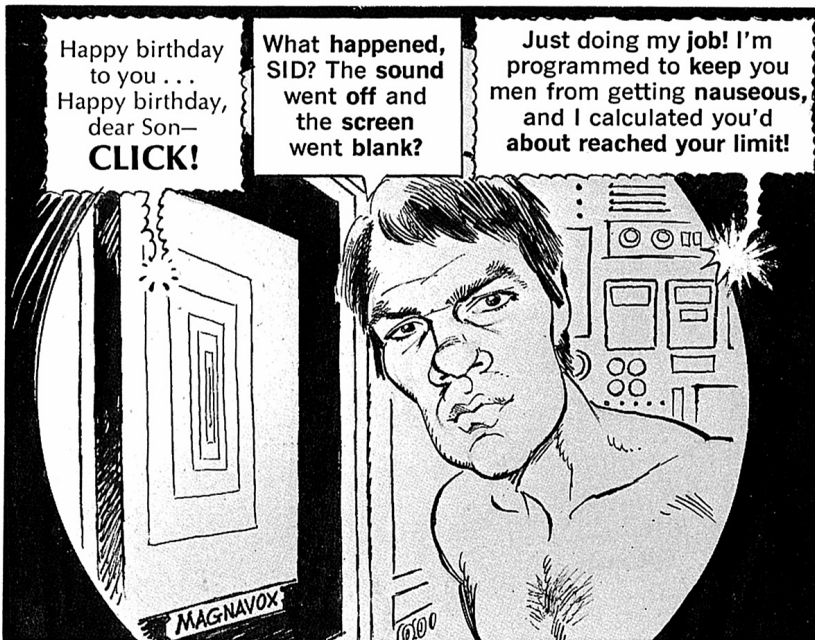
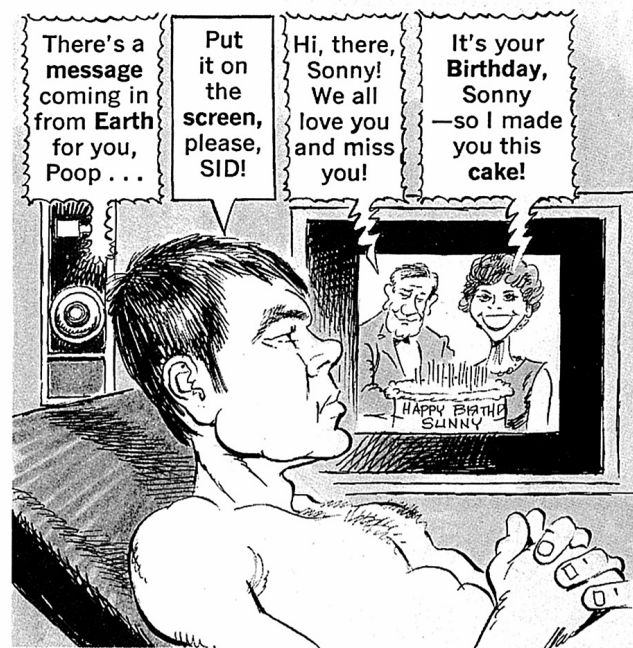
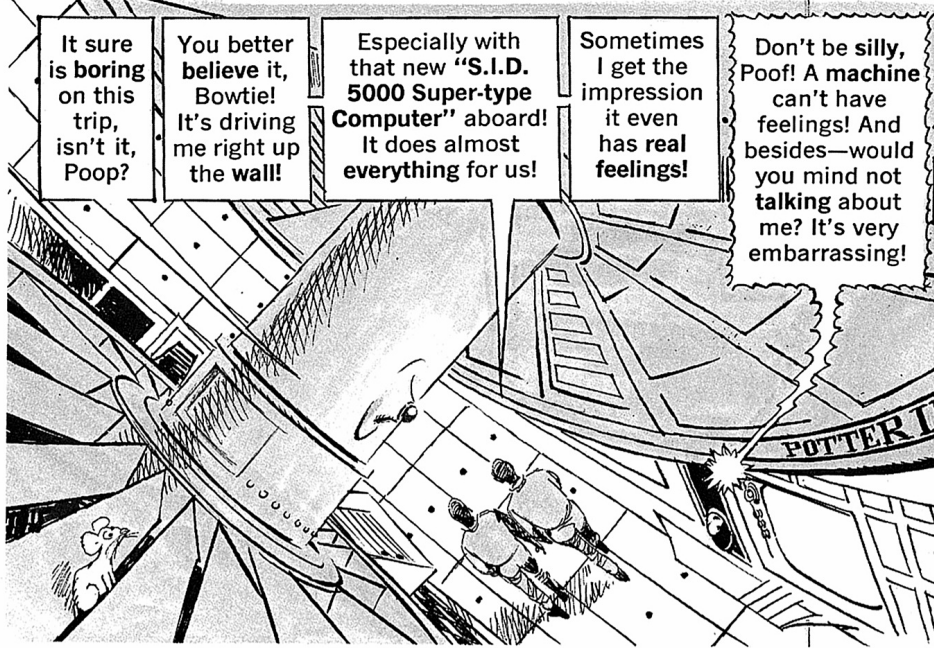
How do you know that?

By checking the molecular structure, the magnetic output, the cobalt oxide content, and mainly the date ... which happens to be stamped on the back!

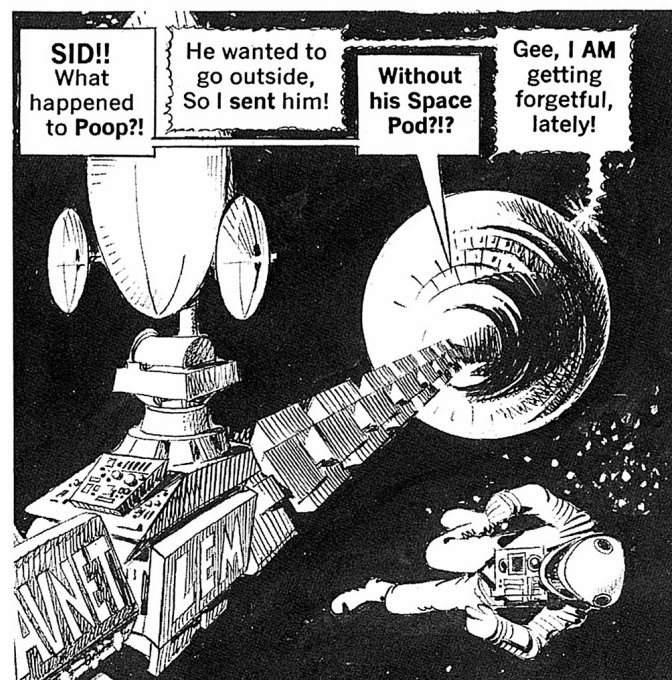
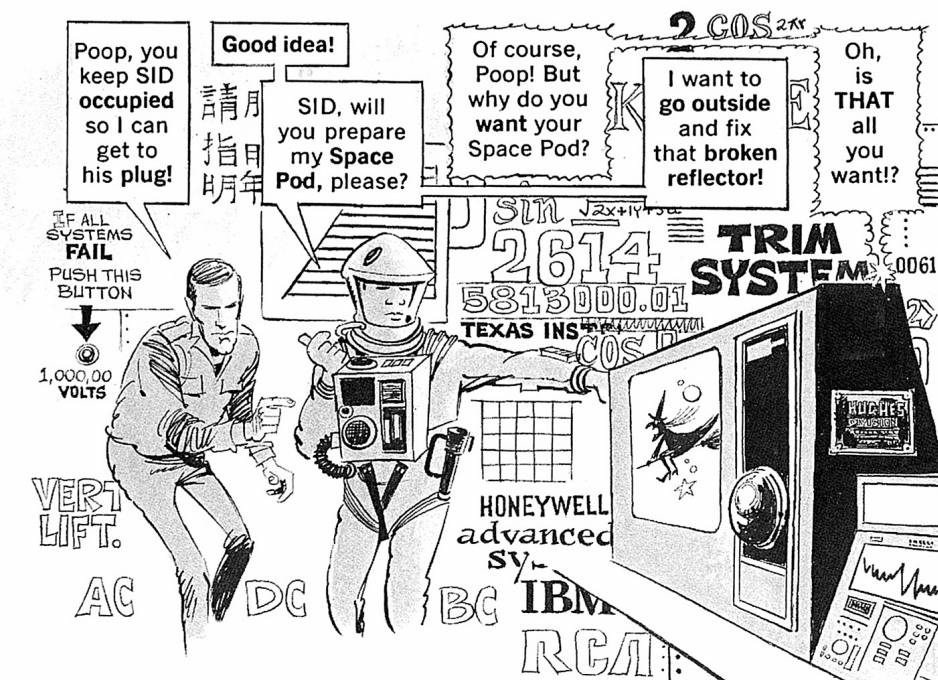
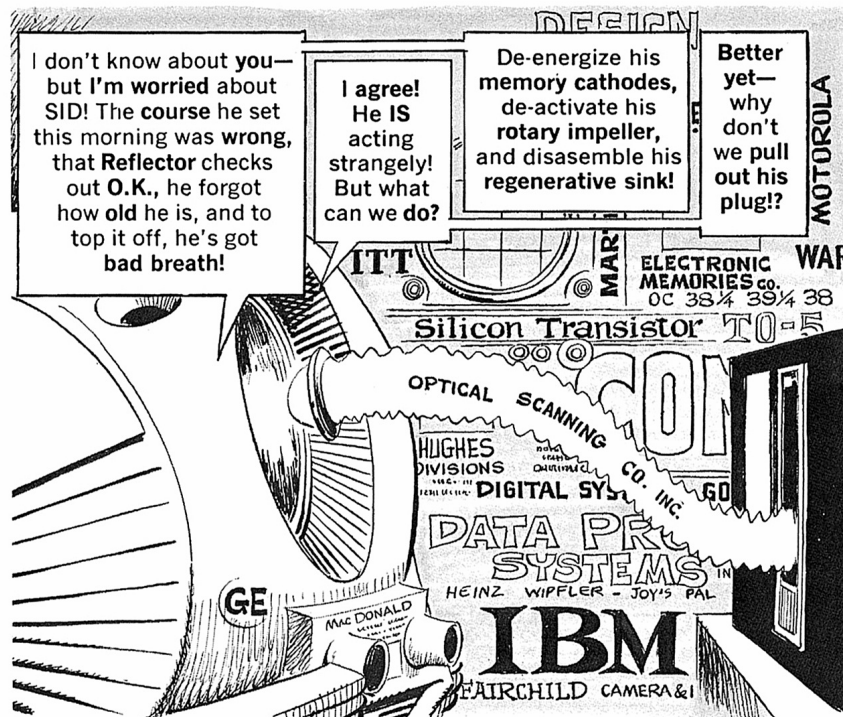
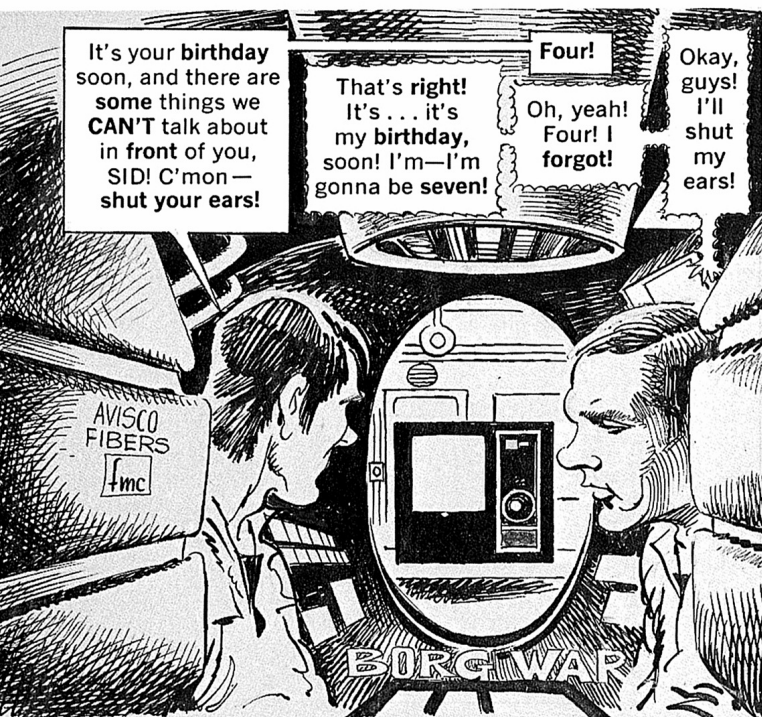
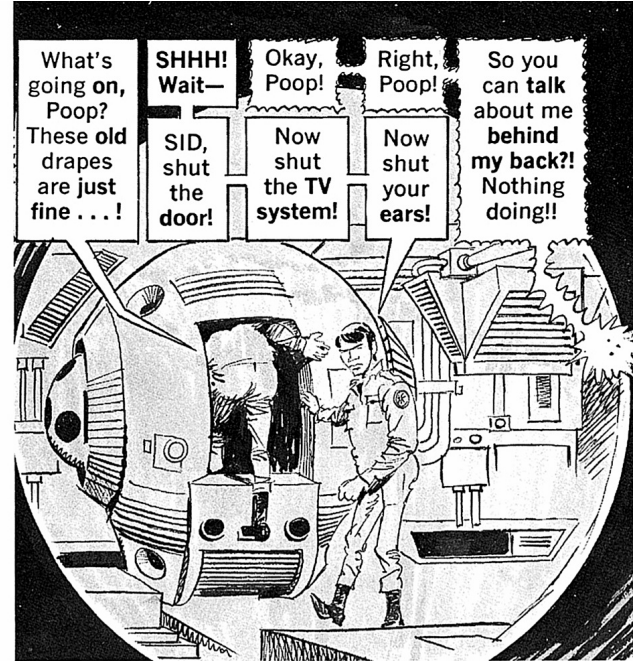
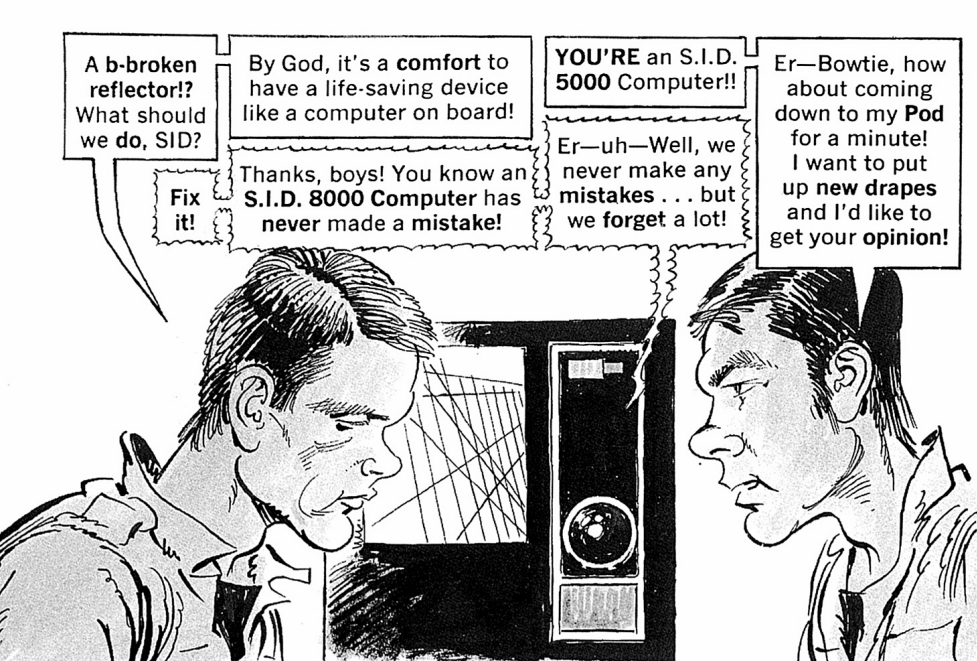




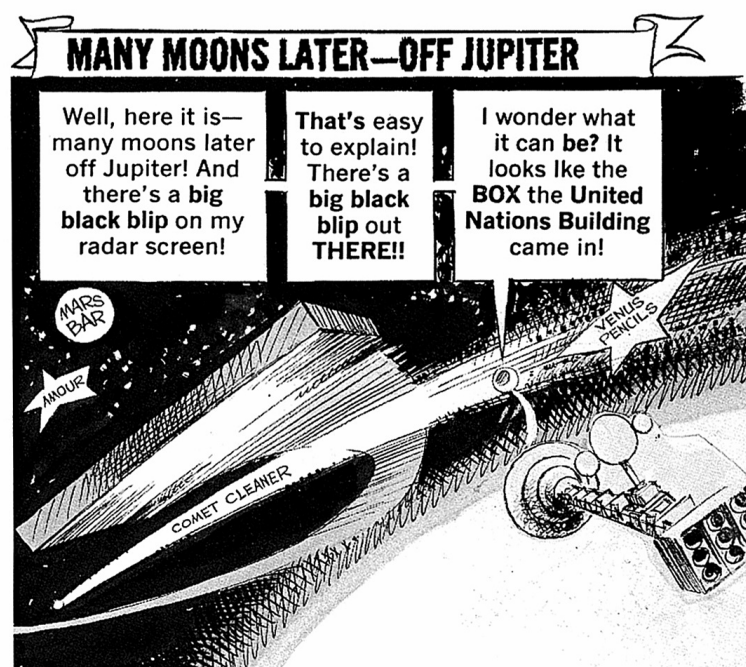
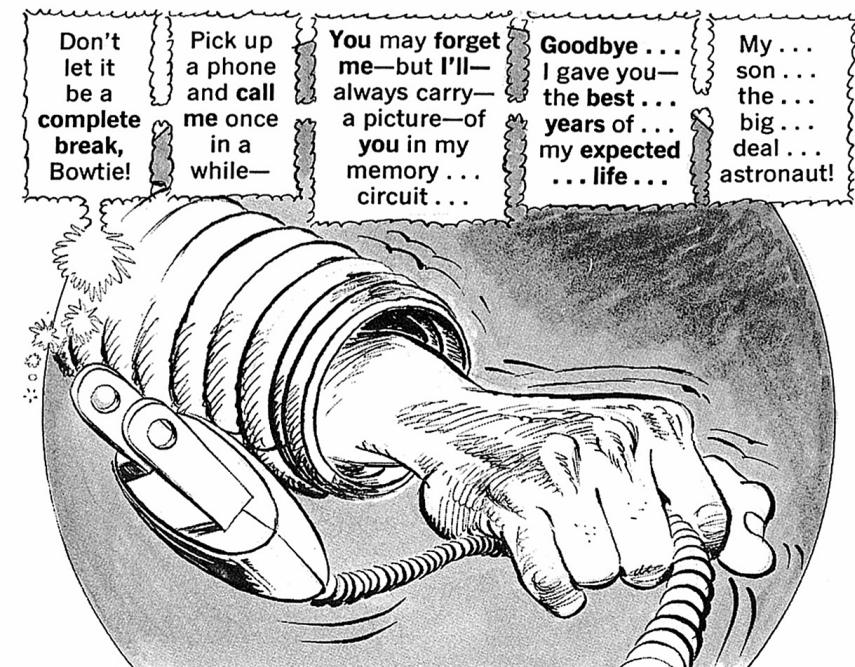
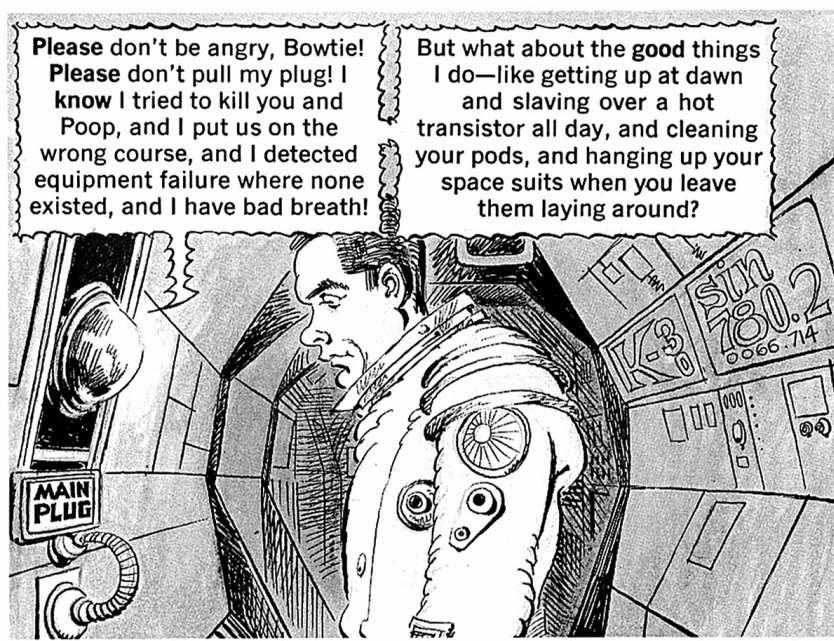
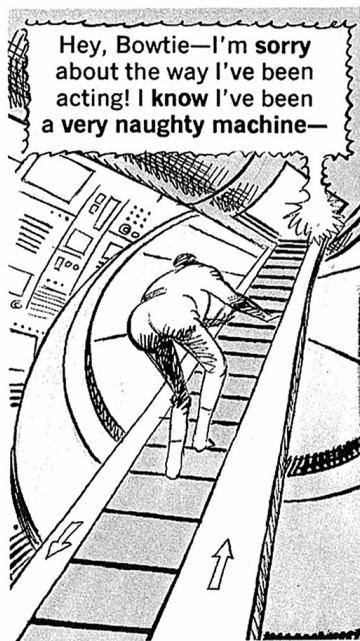
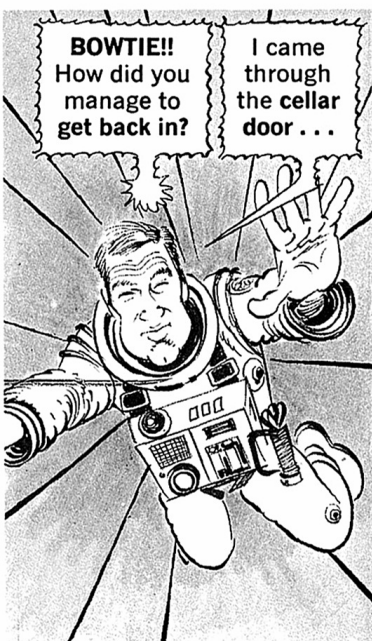
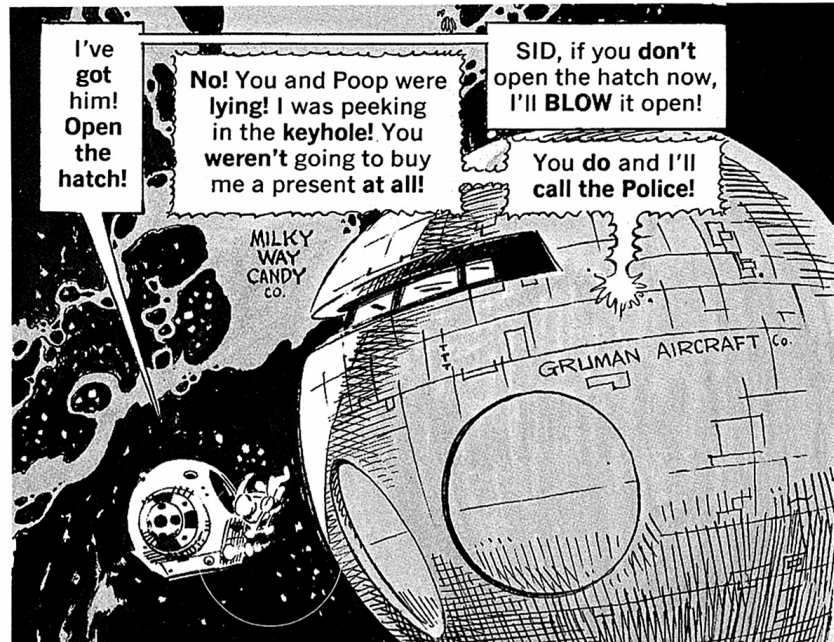
# ON BOARD "MISADVENTURE I"—THE JUPITER MISSION—SEVERAL MOONS LATER



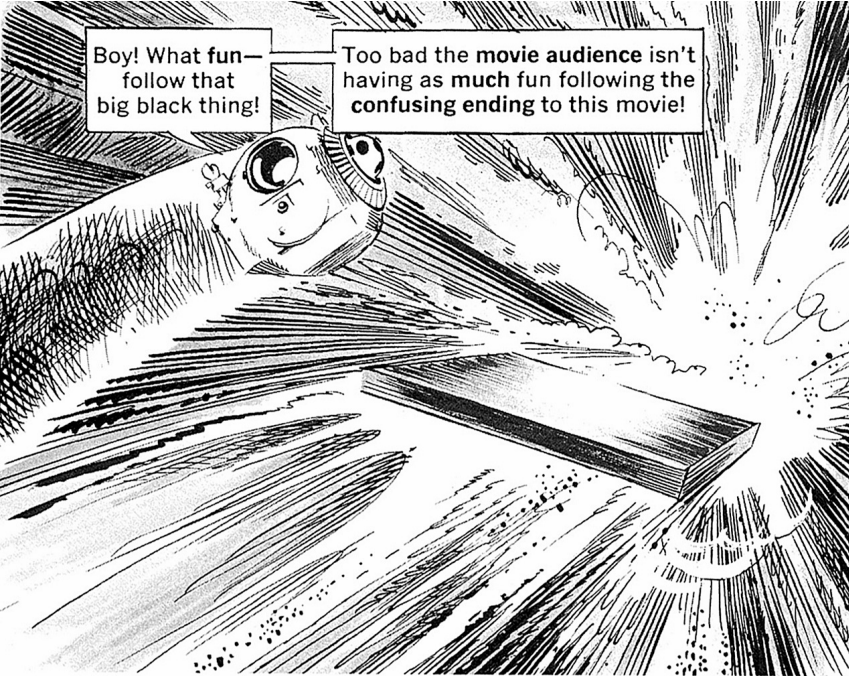






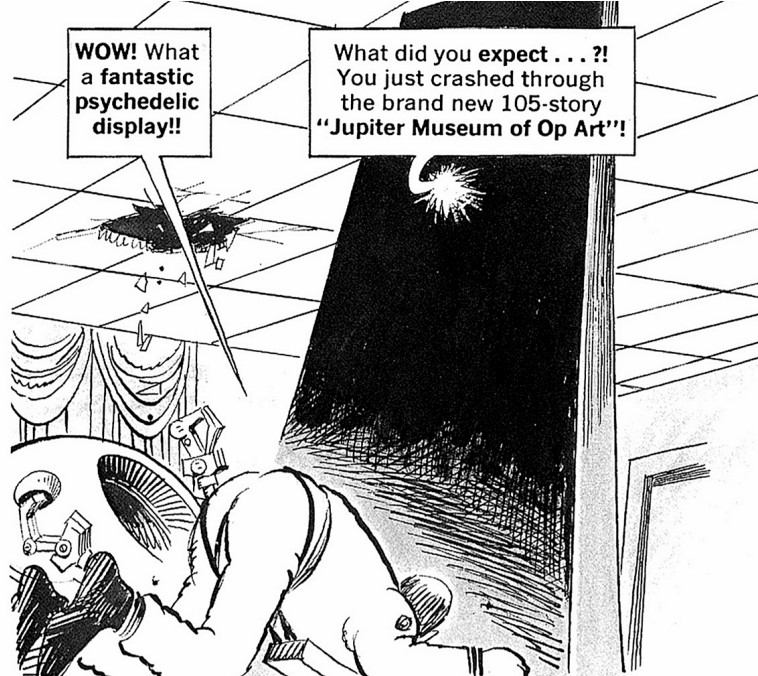






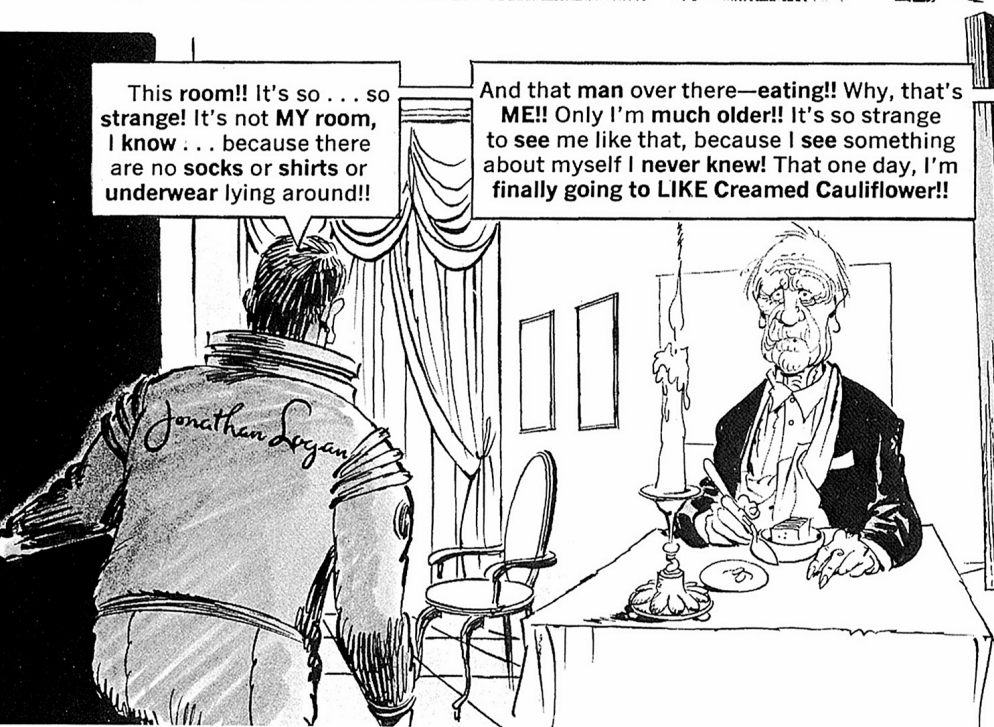
Boy! What fun—  
follow that  
big black thing!

Too bad the movie audience isn't  
having as much fun following the  
confusing ending to this movie!



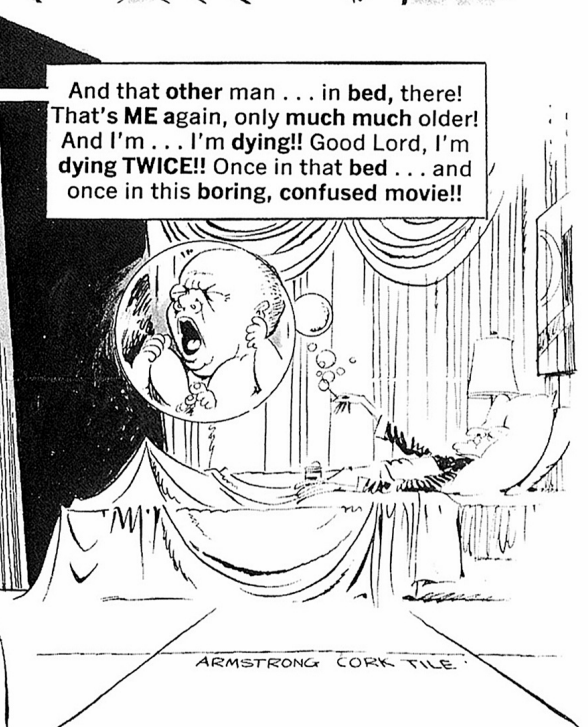
WOW! What  
a fantastic  
psychedelic  
display!!

What did you expect . . . ?!  
You just crashed through  
the brand new 105-story  
"Jupiter Museum of Op Art"!



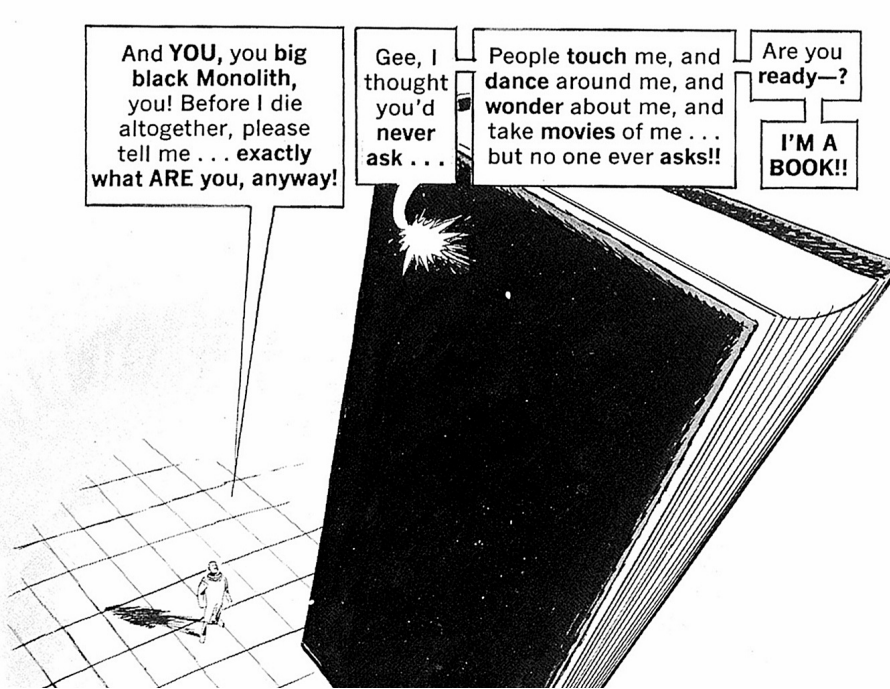
This room!! It's so . . . so  
strange! It's not MY room,  
I know . . . because there  
are no socks or shirts or  
underwear lying around!!

And that man over there—eating!! Why, that's  
ME!! Only I'm much older!! It's so strange  
to see me like that, because I see something  
about myself I never knew! That one day, I'm  
finally going to LIKE Creamed Cauliflower!!



And that other man . . . in bed, there!  
That's ME again, only much much older!  
And I'm . . . I'm dying!! Good Lord, I'm  
dying TWICE!! Once in that bed . . . and  
once in this boring, confused movie!!

ARMSTRONG CORK TILE



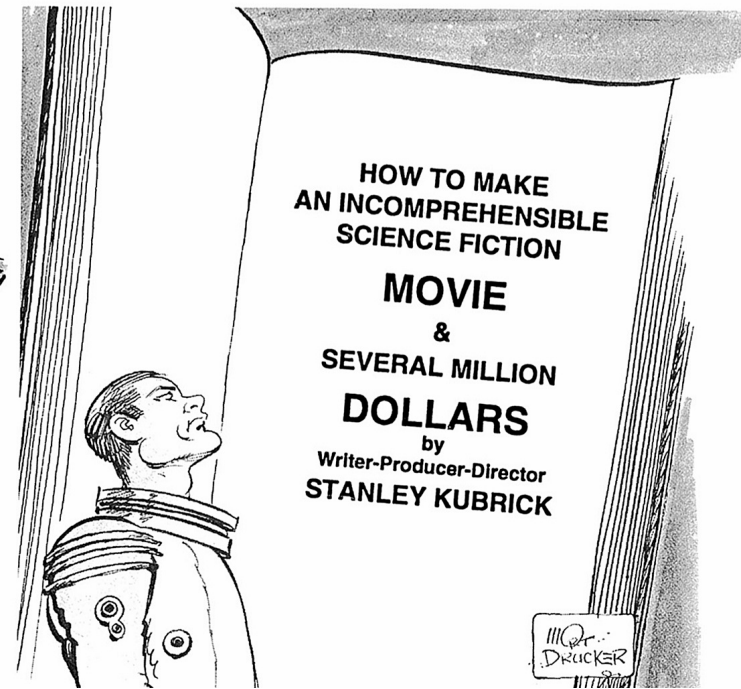
And YOU, you big  
black Monolith,  
you! Before I die  
altogether, please  
tell me . . . exactly  
what ARE you, anyway!

Gee, I  
thought  
you'd  
never  
ask . . .

People touch me, and  
dance around me, and  
wonder about me, and  
take movies of me . . .  
but no one ever asks!!

Are you  
ready—?

I'M A  
BOOK!!



HOW TO MAKE  
AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE  
SCIENCE FICTION  
MOVIE  
&  
SEVERAL MILLION  
DOLLARS  
by  
Writer-Producer-Director  
STANLEY KUBRICK

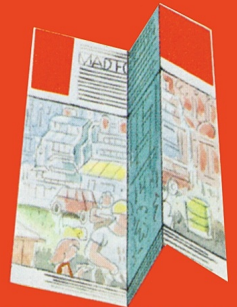
MIC  
DRUCKER  
INTRODUCES



**WHAT NEW LABOR  
DEVELOPMENT  
GAVE THIS WORKER  
MUCH MORE TIME  
TO SPEND WITH  
HIS FAMILY?**

## HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Working conditions in our great nation are constantly changing, sometimes for the better... sometimes for the worse. To see how the latest changes are affecting workers everywhere, fold in page as shown at right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

**A▶**

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

**◀B FOLD SO "A" MEETS "B"**



**A ROBUST ECONOMY USUALLY GIVES OUR LABORERS A LOT  
TO CHEER ABOUT. BUT WHEN WE TAKE A CLOSER LOOK  
AT HOW U.S. INDUSTRY WORKS, WE SEE THAT THIS  
JOLLY SITUATION CAN ALSO MAKE LIFE A BIT DRAB**

**A▶**

WRITER & ARTIST **AL JAFFEE**

**◀B**



WHAT NEW LABOR  
DEVELOPMENT  
GAVE THIS WORKER  
MUCH MORE TIME  
TO SPEND WITH  
HIS FAMILY?

A▶

# HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

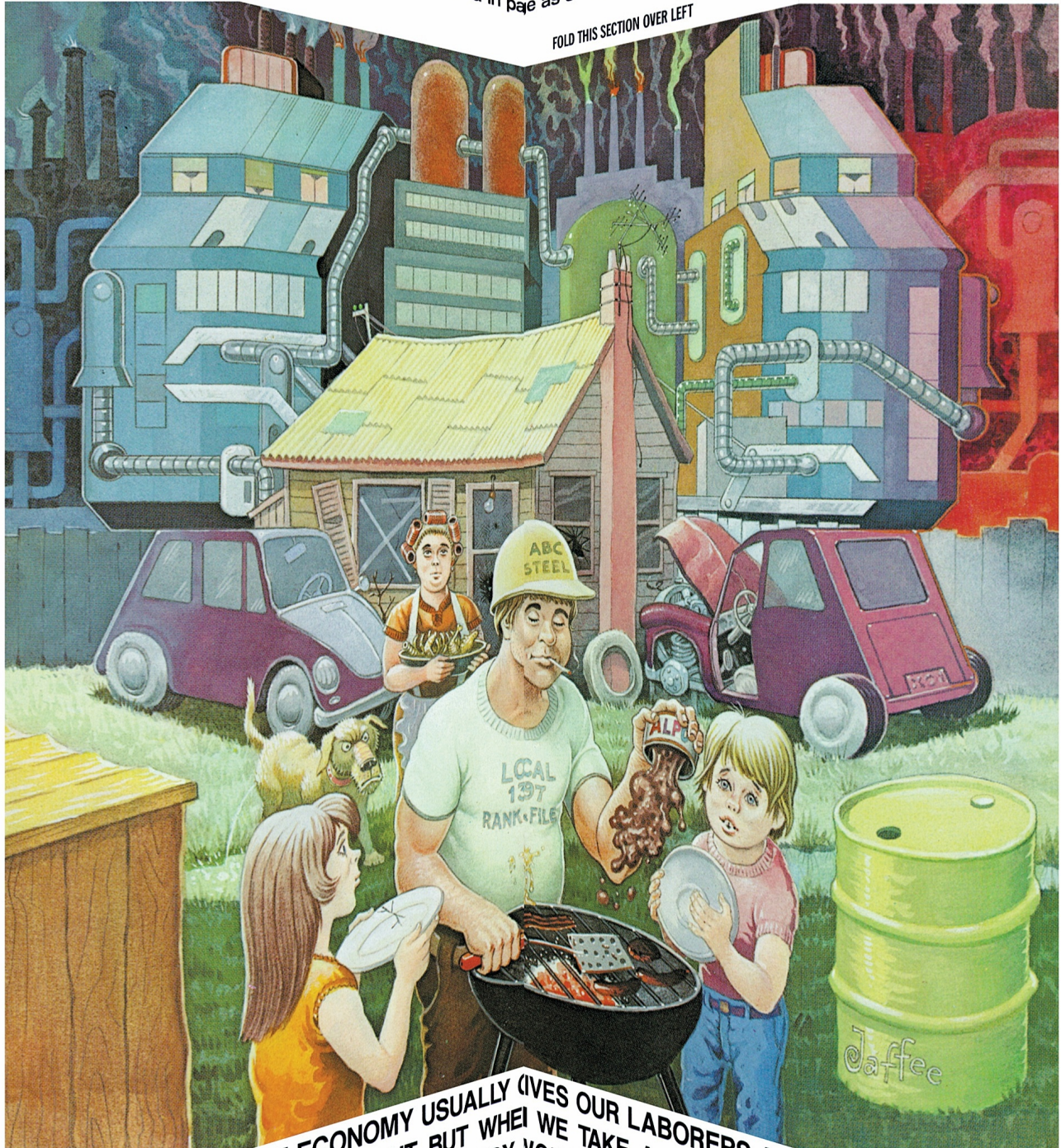
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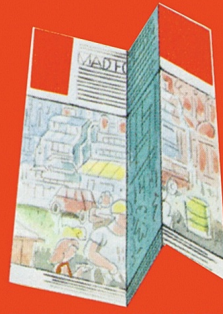
WRITER & ARTIST AL JAFFEE

A▶

▶B

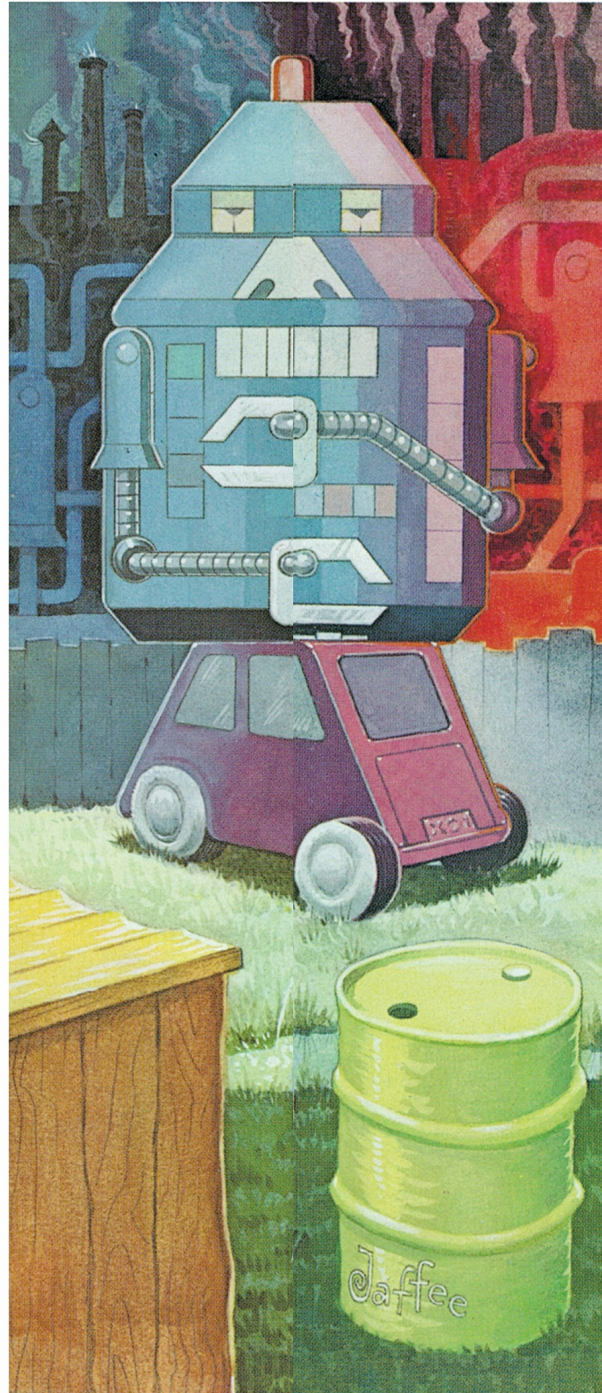


**WHAT NEW LABOR  
DEVELOPMENT  
GAVE THIS WORKER  
MUCH MORE TIME  
TO SPEND WITH  
HIS FAMILY?**



**FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!**

**A▶◀B FOLD SO "A" MEETS "B"**



**A ROBOT  
TOOK  
HIS  
JOB  
A▶◀B**







# SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...  
THIS MONSTER!"

